Morituri Te Salutamus, by James Truslow Adams, on page 952

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Literature and the Machine

THE economists of the new school have wearied of measuring the technique of the machine age and are busy charting its probable effects upon a person very little considered by the older practitioners of the once dismal science—man, human, personal, temperamental man. They find immense damage to the good life wrought by the exploiters of the machine, and sometimes complete destruction, but also hope for a future in which technology will become a creative rather than a merely destructive or productive force. Art has been crushed, but new arts, as of architecture and engineering, are arising.

Such spokesmen of the new school as Mr. Stuart Chase keep their discussions away from literature, for literature, being essentially the expression of a whole age, either tells the story naively or is so confusing in its development as to be almost useless for argument. It cannot be made by machines, like furniture or textiles, yet it is so tied to machine processes, as of printing and transportation, and so responsive to the desires of a people who themselves are now machine made, that it cannot escape an influence which we recognize as having changed the world so rapidly that only the introduction of fire, or the impact of Roman civilization on the northern barbarians, supplies fitting comparisons.

* * *

Yet it must be clear that literature is one of the arts and handicrafts that has benefitted as well as suffered from the machine. Journalism (we will not stop to define the term) has greatly profited by mechanical processes. If it has declined in quality in the process of adjusting itself to millions instead of thousands, it has gained in extraordinary facilities. The Sunday newspaper, for example, is not a luxury—even at its best it is half-baked news and thinking—but for an age with a hundredfold readers and twice as much leisure to read, it is a necessity, made available by the machine. There is no adequate history of journalism, but when one is written the curve drawn will probably be upward. The "thunderers" of the past have left the newspapers, but they have found a place in the magazines, while ordinary, everyday newspaper writing, in spite of its occasional vulgarity and frequent lack of intellectual integrity, has probably escaped from more venality, more sheer badness, than it has absorbed in the new conditions of publication. Even the tabloids are better than the corrupt news sheets of a hundred years ago, and better, largely, because the machine has given them more power.

As for art in journalism, there has been developed, all over the world, a supple, familiar, easy prose that lends itself to the needs of a great population wanting to read. It is not a great style, but, generally speaking, it is an excellent instrument, comparable to the typewriter on which it is composed. Pomposity is dead in journalism. Humanity finds an easy entrance. Credit this, at least, to the machine.

Literature, *per se*, has been hard hit; how hard it is difficult now to say. The popularity of the novel for a century is due directly and indirectly to the machine. More people can read and it is easy to manufacture books for them. Hence an art form closer to the popular (which is to say machine) life develops and becomes dominant. If the movie represents the end-product of the machine age, since it is not only shown by machine but made by machine-like gauges which are standardized to fit a population accustomed to standard sizes, the novel is a mixture of machine and of hand made, poetry and poetical drama are hand made entirely. The fate of poetry has been identical with what has happened to furniture and rugs. As soon as the patterns of life which these examples of handiwork represent could be turned out by quantity production, the mass groups gave up the originals entirely and took to the substitutes which were cheaper in actual cash and (in the case of poetry) in time and energy required for appreciation. But no sooner had machine made goods triumphed than people of taste began to collect the hand made in rugs and furniture, and soon

(*Continued on next page*)

Winter Rune

By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

UNRIDDLE me my riddle
If you would have my love:
What is warm to all beneath
And cold to all above?

What moves gentle as a girl,
And has waves like the sea,
And is lighter than a butterfly,
But yet will break a tree?

What closes many a door,
As strongly as a bar,
And silences the footfalls,
And shines like a star?

And makes blossoms bloom
Where no blossoms were,
And pleases dogs and children
And the philosopher?

This Week

"For Lancelot Andrewes."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"Swords and Roses."
Reviewed by HOWARD MENEELY.

"Mass Murder."
Reviewed by EDMUND PEARSON.

"The Imperial Shadow."
Reviewed by MARY FLEMING LABAREE.

"Slaves of the Gods."
Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

"The Prince or Somebody."
Reviewed by ROBERT NATHAN.

"The Grand Manner."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"The Soul of the Primitive."
Reviewed by ROLAND B. DIXON.

"Last Changes, Last Chances."
Reviewed by F. V. MORLEY.

"The Life of H. R. H. the Duke of Flamborough."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Some Men Novelists of the 'Seventies.
By HUGH WALPOLE.

Herman Melville*

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago I sought Herman Melville's daughter, Elizabeth, who was living in the old Florence amid her father's books and pictures. She talked of him with constraint, but was interested in my quest, giving me the two privately printed pamphlets of poems, which completed my first editions, and letting me read casually from that japanned tin cakebox which contained Melville's letters and unpublished manucripts. Thus I took a few notes from the diaries of travels, sampled "Billy Budd," and the last poems. Miss Melville generously promised me the use of all the papers except Melville's letters to his wife. In high hopes I wrote to the American publishers whose list is heaviest with our classics, and proposed a modest biography in one volume. The answer was friendly but decisive: Herman Melville was a hopelessly bad risk, and one that no prudent publisher could undertake even to the extent of a few hundred dollars.

Some five or six years later, Mr. Raymond Weaver happily rediscovered the most precious of cake boxes, and with the wisdom of youth addressed a publisher who had no long list of historic American worthies and was willing to bet on an unsure thing. Thus in 1921 appeared the first biography, and an excellent one. No American publisher was willing to undertake the collected works. To the lasting discredit of our publishing trade, Mr. Weaver's admirable definitive edition bears a London imprint. And now Mr. Lewis Mumford's remarkable and illuminating biography comes not from an old house, but from new and adventurous publishers, with no established authors of the genteel school on their list.

* * *

This too long reminiscence is written not to claim an empty priority, but to show how completely a Melvillian and Melville himself were outsiders twenty-five years ago. A few people knew "Typee." "Moby Dick" was usually regarded as a good whaling book spoiled by a crazy streak of allegory. Melville's last years were regarded as a stretch of unrelieved eccentricity and misanthropy. He was in a peculiar sense *homo unius libri*. When the centenary of his birth came around in 1919 I did something to show the value of the neglected later books in an essay published in the shortlived *The Weekly Review*, possibly thereby hastening its end, and I used here and there crumbs I had picked from the cake box. But no man of my generation could have written so ardent and subtle a biography of Herman Melville as Mr. Mumford has produced. Whatever our conviction of Melville's greatness, such devotees as Arthur Stedman, Professor Archibald Mac Meehan, and myself could not but be muffled by the fact that all our weighty literary acquaintance assumed our task was to praise "Typee" and, beyond that, merely to apologize for its author. These things ought not to inhibit, but they do. Mr. Mumford does not apologize. He counter-attacks most vigorously, and, parallel with a patient and eager rehabilitation of Herman Melville as man and writer, runs an often impatient and eager condemnation of his times. Indeed there is some exaggeration in the general envisagement of Herman Melville as a Prometheus too lonely even to

* HERMAN MELVILLE. By LEWIS MUMFORD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $3.50.

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attract the vultures, but it is also an exaggeration that makes for interpretation.

We have in Mr. Mumford's new book simply one of the best biographies produced in America. It is a biography of the so-called new school, which only means that it tries to integrate the man and make him come alive by whatever means. But being of the new school, it is free from that undercurrent of banter which becomes tedious and distracting at times in Mr. Strachey and Mr. Maurois. There is a great labor of research in Mr. Mumford's book, but the effort is concealed. Only a worker in the field knows what it may cost in time to turn up a single illuminating phase or anecdote. It appears that Melville's letters to his wife are still reserved, but it is unlikely that their publication would seriously affect Mr. Mumford's picture.

Mr. Mumford offers the first complete and integrated interpretation of the man Herman Melville, and this in the large sense is the distinction of the book. His predecessors have been staggered by the mental blackness implied in "Pierre" and "The Confidence Man," and have left it in mystery or covered it with vague words. They also treated the long, last years of obscurity too simply, and they generally failed to grasp the importance of Melville's poetry as affording clues to certain personal crises. And few of the earlier Melvillians touched on those domestic infelicities, without understanding which no account of Melville's Calvary is complete. Indeed, until recently, such issues could not properly be raised. Again Mr. Mumford has valiantly and as delicately attacked the problem of sex in Melville. Obviously it is in order, for the young man who had had his initiation in the arms of Fayaway could not become at will the American lover and husband of the older fiction. At times these links of interpretation seem a little thin, but I think Mr. Mumford is to be praised for his endeavor. The precise explanation he offers may at times seem hypothetical and unlikely, but any well felt interpretation, even if it be not quite true to what actually happened, is truer than silence. Any integrated character in a biography is truer than any disintegrated character, however authentic may be the *disjecta membra*.

* * *

An epitome does sore injustice to Mr. Mumford's reconstruction, yet I must attempt it. Imagine then a boy of a proud family early orphaned of a futile but idolized father, brought up in genteel want by a discontented and unperceptive mother. Half educated, he tries his hand at clerking and school teaching, and finally, as an escape, ships as a common sailor for Liverpool. Here frustrations, wounded dignity, a sudden and appalling vision of depraved human kind. It will all go later into "Redburn." The experience awakes the author in him. He writes fiction, but begins to read great books.

He has hardened to bear the old humiliations, but they are no longer inevitable. Again, at twenty-one, to sea. The three years and more include the foc's'les of three American whalers, and that of an American frigate. Twice he jumps ship, living for months among the gentle Marquesans, passing adventurous weeks as a gentlemanly beachcomber in Tahiti. In the navy he faces death and the indignity of flogging, escaping both by a miracle. Aboard the *United States* there are resonant books, plays of Marlowe and Ben Jonson; solid, factual books, Morgan's "History of Algiers," Knox's "Captivity in Ceylon." The common seaman, Herman Melville, will deeply ponder both styles, and soon will practice them.

* * *

He returns brown, hard, a local celebrity. "Typee" and "Omoo" shape themselves by much telling. "Typee" is published within two years of Melville's return, and quickly wins him international celebrity, on the faith of which he marries a girl of the Brahmin class from Boston. Admirable sailor logs, these books are much more. They are contrasts of societies, and criticism of our own. They cross our moral sense, challenge our values. The pagan Polynesians have something we lack,—dignity, health, gracious employment of leisure, beauty. It was the moment when the worship of the great god Quantity was forming among us. Melville's untimely raising of issues of quality stirred missionaries and traders to mutterings. There is a potential Diogenes in this apparently blithe young spinner of sailor's yarns.

Marriage on the brief flood tide of a very new reputation, brings new difficulties and frustrations, some possibly of the most intimate sort. He begins the fifteen year struggle to earn a living by his pen. Those exotic experiences which had only suggested comparison of specific civilizations, now become universal symbols. They reach out in every direction to the weakness and follies of man alone and man in society. "Mardi" is the result. Two beautiful, baffling volumes, a great politico-moral allegory not quite achieved. The mutterings of the missionaries now spread to judicious critics. What has the writer of fresh and delightful tales of personal adventure to do with morals and politics?

The struggle for a living becomes more difficult. He wreaks himself upon "Moby Dick," at thirty-two comes out with deeply impaired health. The critics and the public render a Scotch verdict. Here is a good book of adventure, spoiled by a crazy bent for allegory. No one understood it, perhaps nobody will fully understand it. But at least Mr. Mumford today can safely write of "Moby Dick," it

> is one of the first great mythologies to be created in the modern world; created, that is, out of the stuff of that world, its science, its exploration, its terrestrial daring, its concentration upon power and dominion over nature, and not out of ancient symbols, Prometheus, Endymion, Orestes, etc.

And the allegory would have yielded its meaning to a little patience. We may accept Mr. Mumford's abridgment of this large matter.

> The white whale stands for the brute energies of existence, blind, fatal, overpowering, while Ahab is the spirit of man, small and feeble but purposive, that pits its puniness against this might, and its purpose against the blank senselessness of power.

* * *

If any American of 1851 had understood this, it would have left a very bad taste in his mouth. It meant that mankind must give blow for blow in a losing fight, meeting force with force, evil with evil. But nobody understood it, save, perhaps, Hawthorne, who in "Ethan Brand" was soon to protest against all absolutes. He probably had his friend Melville in mind. In any case Melville thought so, and it clouded the only friendship he ever had with an intellectual peer.

"Moby Dick" is a magnificent interweaving of the two Melvilles—the colorful and robust narrator, and the mystic and symbolist. Indeed since Dante there had hardly been a symbolism at once so concrete and documented and so rich in meaning. And merely as polyphonic prose the elevated passages of "Moby Dick" compare favorably with anything the nineteenth century produced.

At the time "Moby Dick" got faint praise, Melville's troubles deepened. He was a sick man, in debt, a dreaded alien, an unpractical visionary to his growing children. The heroic blackness of "Moby Dick" develops into a blackness of moral despair in "Pierre" and "The Confidence Man." "Pierre" shows the fine idealism of youth as an ultimate source of corroding evil, the sordid wisdom of the world as a sort of virtue, the antiquity of all life's maxims. As the historian Ferrero was late to show in his eloquent book "Between Two Worlds," in the moral and esthetic field everything seems reversible. "The Confidence Man" reveals the power of all the charlatanries, the pullulation of hypocrisy and deceit in American life, as in life generally. Despite beautiful and profound passages in "Pierre," both books were and are virtually unreadable. One cannot blame the public that turned its back on them.

* * *

Now and then amid this philosophical agony Melville honestly tried to give the public what it wanted, with the result of such sterling narratives as "Redburn" and "White Jacket." In the same endeavor he expanded a mere chap book relation into one of our best novels of the Revolution, "Israel Potter." But this was inadequate amends for "Mardi" and "Pierre."

The patriotic *élan* of the Civil War lifted Melville out of his misanthropic depths. In "Battle Pieces" he prepared for those long exercises in verse which were to solace his obscurity. After the war, to avoid a dependent position, he gave up as a bread-winning author, sought a place as a United States Customs inspector in New York, and continued his writing merely as a solace and a diversion. In the early forties he made this strategic retreat. His nicest and mellowest writing, if not his best, was still to be done.

The prelude to this obscure new life, was as before, a sea voyage, to the Holy Land. His journals show his fine native taste, the long poem "Clarel" shows his personal adjustment to a confused and generally misunderstanding world. He falls back upon a sort of animal faith, an acceptance of the paradoxes and contradictions of life, because of the worth of life itself. It is a theme that runs through the last three volumes of verse—verse written for himself. In his last novel, and perhaps his only good novel as such, "Billy Budd," he consents to the evil as to the good of life, shows how fine loyalties compel black deeds, how virtue is impotent before malice or before conventional authority. It is the theme of "Pierre," but handled now without bitterness or rebellion. Life is like that. One accepts life.

* * *

It is a chief merit of Mr. Mumford's book to dispel the legend of misanthropy and even of insanity that has gathered about Melville's hidden years. He was simply a fine old gentleman, chastened but not broken by adversity, productive and expressive as an author without readers, tardily reconciled to his family conditions, mellowed in a gentle and resigned world wisdom. Even his humble occupation, that of appraising imported goods, kept a whiff of the sea about him. He lived beyond the scriptural span, and if he lived in isolation, it was because he could not find companions who had fathomed life as deeply as himself. The generation that was making and breaking railroads, and gutting the soil for oil and metals, and razing the forests, had nothing to say to him, nor he to it. He accepted the situation and thus kept his integrity. He is becoming important again to a new generation that does not bow down to the great god Quantity.

Such in bare epitome is the gist of Mr. Mumford's book. The case is maintained with eloquence, force, and delicacy, and in all large matters seems to me convincingly established. The book is so good and so generally discriminating that I deplore the fling at the Navy of today as not unlike that of Melville's time. I am sure a little study of the facts would make Mr. Mumford withdraw the unfair gird. Melville's young literary contemporaries are treated much too scornfully. This picturesquely exalts himself, but it would not have pleased him. It was something to maintain even a thin tradition of the old culture through the "Black Walnut Era." Dr. Holmes and Mr. Howells would not have been more useful or a whit better had they anticipated Mr. Mencken and Mr. Sinclair Lewis in minor prophecy. Such are negligible blemishes in a wise and discerning book which deserves and will doubtless have a wide and enthusiastic reading.

Literature and the Machine

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the wealthy followed, until now, for both old and new examples, there is a better market than ever before, and handiwork, in a machine age, is actually increasing. Something of the same kind is happening in literature. The little theatres, poetical renaissances, limited editions, cult writers, coteries—these are all signs of a revival in the "hand made" in literature, made possible by the greater wealth and greater leisure resulting from the use of machines.

But this fostered state of literature is not a comfortable one. It has a museum smell to it. It is a little like that Tudor Gothic of American universities which, made possible by profits from machines, and practicable because it is a casing upon a framework of machined steel, has no more relation to the life that uses it than any other imitation of the past. Which is obviously not to question its possible value as architecture, but to challenge its vitality as an expression of anything current in life.

So far, therefore, and with the possible exception of the novel and certain types of drama, the mechanic age has been destructive in literary art. In no department have men risen above the past, except in the areas bordering upon journalism. In many they have heavily fallen. If analogy is good for anything—and its value is always dubious—the new literary art of the mechanized age is to come, like the skyscrapers, through a dependence upon, and full use of, machines, perhaps in the movies, and not improbably in some new intensification of journalism (and what else is the art of the modern novel!) which will find a way to make tragedy, poetry, romance, epic, or their equivalents, vigorous and representative again. Signs are already in the heavens.

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A Significant Direction

FOR LANCELOT ANDREWES: ESSAYS ON STYLE AND ORDER. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Arthur Colton

I ONCE asked a French scholar to explain the high estimate placed on Bossuet by French critics, even the worldly minded; and he replied: "His magnificent logic." Some such epithets, magnificence and logic, we make use of in our estimate of Burke, but it is no doubt more inveterate with the French to insist on the esthetic values of logic. At a time when we are feeling that habit and emphasis are rather conspicuously absent from the contemporary program, it is significant that Mr. Eliot's very significant mind turns to the seventeenth century—to the sermons of Bishop Andrewes and to Bishop Bramhall's "Vindication of the English Church"—for his initial examples of style, and of order as the first principle of style. Literary criticism of sermons is not often met with now. One's memory has to go back to Coleridge and Johnson in search of it, and notes that their admiration, too, was for the seventeenth century preachers. In so thinking of the subject from a literary standpoint, one notes further that the old-fashioned sermon had very distinct structural form. Divinity students must have been taught how to build them, and taught a principle like that imposed on the drama. As for the plot, so for the argument, nothing belongs there which does not move it forward. The formal divisions and subdivisions were devices to force average preachers—who as average men would naturally tend to wander from coherence—to force them into clarity and consecutive precision in spite of themselves.

* * *

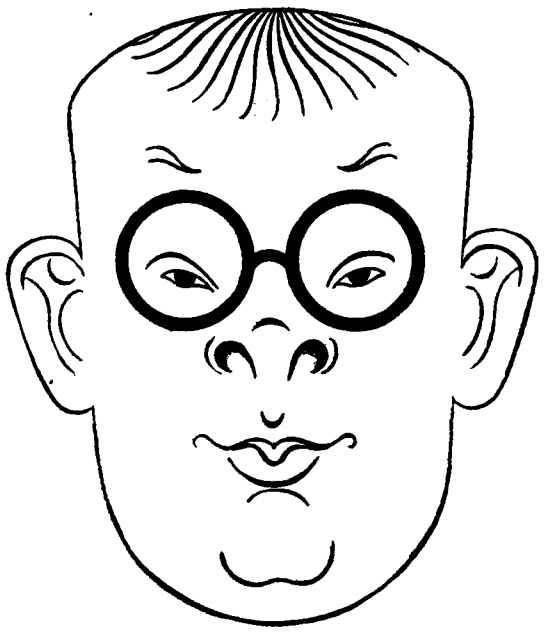
Mr. Eliot finds that Andrewes's sermons are models of absorption in the subject, whereas Donne's sermons are interfused and interrupted by Donne's personality. It was a strange personality, and strange personalities interest us; but Mr. Eliot prefers personality behind rather than in front. In the same way he finds the almost forgotten Bramhall a sounder and more logical thinker than Hobbes. The two bishops are important men historically, because the Church of England was formulated under Elizabeth, and these and their like gave it its intellectual background and substance. Andrewes's prose "is not inferior to that of any sermons in the language, unless it be some of Newman's—his place is second to none in the history of the formation of the English Church—Bramhall's prose is great prose only in the sense that it is good prose of a great epoch."

Mr. Eliot defends Machiavelli as a realistic and logical thinker whose reputation has been falsified ever since his time by a persistent romanticism which was shocked by his "cynicism." But he was neither a cynic nor a prophet.

> He was concerned first of all with truth, not with persuasion, which is one reason why his prose is great prose, a model of style for any language—What makes him a great writer, and forever a solitary figure, is the purity and singlemindedness of his passion—for the unity, peace, and prosperity of his country—Only the pure in heart can blow the gaff on human nature as Machiavelli has done—The cynic is always impure and sentimental.

One may object that cynicism is not always that, while admitting it the wrong word to apply to Machiavelli. One may object that neither is romanticism, in Mr. Eliot's derogatory sense, the right word to describe the feeling that has always been repelled by the logical, but unscrupulous, politics of "The Prince." It is not exactly romanticism which rejects the doctrine that a sufficient end justifies any means. It is perhaps an instinct more realistic than any logic. But a defense of Machiavelli, like a defense of Fascism, must start from the situation and alternative of the time. Whether it justifies or not, it explains. And if Mr. Eliot, in his apotheosis of Machiavelli, goes further than most of us would go, the essay is nevertheless in line with the two preceding, and indicative of the general direction in which his mind is moving. It is seeking the path from an era of romance and roundabout thinking out into an era of straight thinking applied to undisguised realities.

So, too, with the essay on F. H. Bradley. He prefers Bradley to Arnold, as Bramhall to Hobbes and Andrewes to Donne, because he finds him a more realistic thinker, more secure on his feet, and less subject to hallucination. Again, in the essay on Baudelaire, he points out that Mr. Symons mistranslates Baudelaire into the faded dialect of the "decadent 'nineties." But Baudelaire was more substantial than that, more like Racine than like Swinburne, for whose childish disciples "evil was very good fun." To Baudelaire it was a reality. Again, in the essay on Thomas Middleton, a name associated as collaborator in a number of long winded plays, it is shown that in each of two of these plays, "The Changeling" and "The Roaring Girl," there is a woman character of extraordinary vitality and permanent truth to human nature, independent of the conventions of any epoch. Again, in the essay on Crashaw, the constant "brain work" in Crashaw is contrasted with the absence of that "brain work" in passages quoted from Shelley. Shelley seems to be Mr. Eliot's favorite hunting ground for samples of an age gone astray after unsubstantial things. To an ex-romanticist, not entirely repentant, it seems that the Shelley verse somehow sings, like a Shakespearean lyric, and the pace is swift; whereas the Crashaw verse does not sing but only meditates, and the pace is slow. Mr.



JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER
A caricature from Eva Hermann's "On Parade" (Coward-McCann).

Eliot might say that "somehow sings" may stand for that very kind of day dreaming from nowhere to nowhere, which enclosed the whole romantic era in its violet fog. Still I suspect that, if no value is to be seen except where the thing is thought through to its outcome—no "mutations," nothing translunary and inexplicable—then something with reality in it is going to be missed.

The final essay is on "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt." I had always thought of Professor Babbitt and Mr. Eliot (companioned by M. Julien Benda) as moving in the same direction; and as regards purely literary criticism they do. Mr. Eliot acknowledges his relations to Professor Babbitt in terms of the utmost respect. But here is a question of ethical theory, where Professor Babbitt is an individualist, and is complained of as "trying to build a Catholic platform out of Protestant planks." His "inner check" is found as insufficient a substitute in feasible ethics for the solidities of the older faith, as F. H. Bradley found Arnold's "best self," or "culture," or "the stream of tendency" that on the whole "makes for righteousness." The criticism in both cases is sufficiently cogent, but one might think it only fair of Mr. Eliot to submit his own position. Perhaps it is not so much a position as a direction, and perhaps that is the best kind of position to take in times like these. The direction seems headed back to the seventeenth century, in so far that, however much or little he may accept their premises, he finds satisfaction in the reasoning of the seventeenth century divines; just as he finds satisfactory "brain work" in the seventeenth century poets and a correspondence to the realities of life.

It is his direction, as well as his force and scholarship, that leads me to think Mr. Eliot among the most indicative of modern critics, indicative of the way things will possibly be tending a generation ahead, when the elders among us have gone away with our recollections and our surmises.

Alfred Francis Pribram, Professor of History at the Vienna University, will occupy the Henry Ford Chair of English History at Oxford University next year. He will lecture on the subject of "England and the International Politics of the Great Powers from 1871 to 1914." The lectures will start in October.

The Deep South

SWORDS AND ROSES. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by A. Howard Meneely

THIS is Mr. Hergesheimer's affectionate tribute to an old society that vanished after 1865. With rare sympathy and understanding he has undertaken to recreate from the shattered past the atmosphere and manners of the deep South in the years before and during the Civil War, and he has achieved a marked success. Also he has undertaken to accord the deep South its proper share of credit for the prosecution of the war. Virginia and the war were not synonymous: the Confederacy had its beginnings in Alabama, and much of the fighting in the four disastrous years that followed was in the Gulf and Mississippi River regions and in the mountains and valleys of the hinterland. Probably nowhere were the sacrifices greater or more cheerfully and bravely made for "the Cause," and nowhere were the changes that followed the surrender more generally felt, than in these sections. The old deep South has long needed a literary spokesman and in Mr. Hergesheimer she has a persuasive pleader.

In his first chapter in passages partly historical, often brilliantly descriptive, Mr. Hergesheimer presents a vivid picture of the deep South with its broad plantations, spacious white houses, delicately scented gardens, and a dignified, spirited society that ruled in almost feudal fashion. It was a land foreign to the rest of America and flavored with a romance that was peculiarily its own. "For the people who dominated it, it was a paradise and they fought for it with every particle of their possessions." In these opening pages Mr. Hergesheimer's style enjoys free rein; he is pouring forth personal emotions and produces literature of a fine quality.

The nine succeeding chapters are vignettes in which he writes of men and women, important in their day, whose rootages were in the deep South and who reflected its character and had about them something of its romance. Here the author adheres principally to authentic history and his style is frequently modified to a forthright directness, particularly in dealing with military affairs, but little of its charm is lost.

William Lowndes Yancey, "the Pillar of Words," and Varina Howell, "the Rose of Mississippi," were, primarily, of the pre-war South. Yancey, one of the last of the old-fashioned orators and an irreconcilable secessionist, was swept into comparative obscurity by the disunion he had labored so zealously and so eloquently to precipitate. His mission was ended. Varina Howell personified all the sweetness and strength and loyalty of Southern womanhood. The daughter of a Whig planter, she fell in love with Jefferson Davis and submerged her life in his. His politics became hers; his enemies became her enemies. She knew that Mr. Davis was always right. Women of her day were accustomed to count themselves "well lost in the men they loved and married; they made every effort to sink themselves in their husbands' personality. . . ."

Four of the studies are of Confederate generals: Beauregard, a "military figure in bronze"; Albert Sidney Johnston, "the lonely star" of Texas; Nathan Bedford Forrest, and Jeb Stuart of the gold spurs. No headquarters generals these. They fought in a romantic war, a war in which generals dashed forward at the head of their troops, shared the hardships of camp and field, and solved problems of strategy in the saddle. Mr. Hergesheimer's portraits of these men are done with a fine mastery, but he is tantalizing: one constantly wishes that he had given more space to the men and less to detailed accounts of the engagements in which they participated. Beauregard is much more fascinating than the Unionist bombardment of Fort Sumter in 1863-64. The studies of Beauregard and Johnston are very sympathetic and full of understanding. If there was something humorous in the former's "fantastic serious vanity" and his Napoleonic conception, there was also something pathetic in the ill-luck and slights he encountered throughout the war. Forrest, a veritable "black fury" on horseback, and Jeb Stuart with his flare for gold spurs, a yellow sash, and a sweeping black plume in his hat, live again in the swift and flashing lines of "Swords and Roses." They are tremendously appealing figures, resourceful, dashing, utterly without fear.

Captain John N. Maffitt, one of the ablest naval

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officers of the war, Belle Boyd, the female spy, and John Worsham, a foot soldier who entered the service in a fancy dress uniform and was finally reduced to rags, are no less engaging. Through the reconstruction of their lives and experiences other phases of the Southern scene in peace and war are reflected and the whole made more understandable.

For the deep South the close of the Civil War was in a very profound sense the end of an era:

> The structure of its society, the form of its daily life, its property in ideas, and ideas of property, were all destroyed. Even its code of honor, its sense of integrity, began to appear archaic. The deep South, in a word, with all that it signified, had come to an end.

Its passing was inevitable and the regeneration that has come since Appomatox, on the whole, has been for the better. The South is no longer as backward in comparison with other sections as it once was. The comforts and pleasures of life are no longer the exclusive property of the gentle folk in plantation mansions and stately town houses. But, laments Mr. Hergesheimer, if there have been great gains there have been losses:

> A loss of beauty. An old serenity vanished. An individual bravery, a brave individuality, destroyed. The men who lived in the past of the South, who died in its hopeless support, were fortunate—they knew tranquillity and personal independence. . . . Once men held themselves more dearly than they held their possessions.

The darker side of the Southern scene, the lot of the poor and humble, is largely missing from Mr. Hergesheimer's presentation; to that extent the picture is faulty. But it is difficult to quarrel with him when he has given us so much.

Crime and Lawyers

MASS MURDER. By L. C. DOUTHWAITE. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1929. $2.50.

MORE FAMOUS TRIALS. By the EARL OF BIRKENHEAD. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929. $4.

THE MILLIGAN CASE. Edited by SAMUEL KLAUS. (American Trials.) New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by EDMUND PEARSON

READERS are themselves to blame, if, wishing to know about such popular murderers as Burke and Hare, George Joseph Smith, Professor Webster, and Neill Cream, they do not get the information. Many of us have wrought, and some of us are still wreaking (if that is the word) to let all the world know about these famous assassins.

Fifteen years ago, mystified by references in English books to the great burglar and murderer, Charley Peace, I tried to satisfy my curiosity about him. All I could discover was an essay by Mr. Charles Whibley,—a writer of distinction, but one who belongs to the interpretative rather than to the informative school.

As a reader, I have an old-fashioned preference for a few facts; I long to know, for example, whether the criminal I am reading about flourished in the reign of George V or under the Saxon Heptarchy. To me, that does not seem an unreasonable desire, but it is one that the interpretative writer is resolved never to humor. He dislikes facts as I abhor spiders in a barn; and chooses to discuss the rascal's "mother fixation" or whether he had a "king and slave phantasy."

For a few years, my thirst for information about Charles Peace went unslaked. Today, however, I could lay my hands on a dozen accounts of him,—the best, as usual, being the volume in the Notable British Trials.

The two readable books by Mr. Douthwaite and Lord Birkenhead present some of the old favorites for our further inspection; and each, also, includes some fresher material. Lord Birkenhead has trials for treason, trials for libel, and the trial of great personages like Joan of Arc, Charles I, the Duke of Monmouth, and Marie Antoinette, as variants from his cases of private homicide. He does not scorn to discuss plain murder. Mr. Douthwaite's title, "Mass Murder," suggests the slaughter of groups of men, by machine-gun fire,—the pet method, in the belief of all New Yorkers, of the Chicago criminal. Actually, he only means to discuss persons who have reddened their hands more than once. George Joseph Smith, who was somewhat of a precisian, would have declined to be called a "mass murderer," since what he did was to slay three women, one at a time, and at intervals of more than a year.

Mr. Douthwaite's newcomers are Frederick Deeming and Earle Nelson; his chapters on them are admirable. Mr. Deeming's peculiarity was this: in whatever house he lived, there, soon or late, the police found somebody buried under the hearthstone. As a coincidence, it lacked, somehow, in artistic verisimilitude.

Earle Nelson wandered around the country strangling people, usually landladies. He made the blunder—a rare tactical error for an American murderer—of extending his operations into Canada, where his career was abruptly terminated by the law. The sedulous care with which the American criminal usually avoids Canadian territory is a mystifying matter to those criminologists who believe that the prompt and drastic punishment of crime (as in Canada) has no deterrent effect. A still darker mystery, to those experts who explain crime by glandular disturbances within the human body is the fact that there are about one-twentieth as many grave crimes committed in Canada, *per capita*, as in the United States. The obvious conclusion is that the poor Canadians are born practically without glands.

* * *

"The Milligan Case" is the first volume of American Trials, a series which, I am sure, is eagerly awaited by a great many readers. This first volume, in dignified and serious treatment of the material, and in the excellent physical appearance of the book, is a cause for congratulation.

Lambdin P. Milligan, a man with a face like an angry old woman, was perpetually unhappy unless he was cordially detested by his neighbors. He had learned that minorities are sometimes right, and from that, had drifted into the easy formula—occasionally mistaken for liberalism—that minorities are *always* right. The late Vice-President Marshall, who knew him, said that after bringing the Democratic party in Indiana into disrepute, during the whole Civil War, Milligan spent the last part of his life in abusing and berating the same party.

This unpleasing person was one of a group, in some of the Middle Western states, who, about 1863-64 conceived it their duty to keep sniping the administration and the Union armies from behind the lines; to form secret societies, such as the Knights of the Golden Circle; to refer to the Government as "Lincoln and his minions"; to discourage enlistments; and to do all that was possible to make life bright and cheerful for President Jefferson Davis. Blunt folk referred to this as treason, but Mr. Milligan felt that it was a highly patriotic duty, since as he perfectly well knew, it was Abraham Lincoln's dearest ambition to erect a military tyranny, with himself as emperor.

Some irritated army officers seized Milligan and his friends, tried them before a military court, and sentenced them to be hanged. Presidents Lincoln and Johnson let them go to the steps of the gallows, but not quite into the hands of the hangman. At last, Milligan and his fellows were able to get their case before a civil tribunal,—where it belonged. The Supreme Court, in a celebrated opinion, reaffirmed the constitutional rights of citizens to trial before a civil court, even in time of war. The great principle of our law was again emphasized, and Milligan and the other Knights were at last released,—with something of the holy light of martyrdom playing about their brows. Thus, a mean man gave his name to this statement of a great safeguard of freedom.

The book, as a whole, is tough reading. The account of the military commission, which has to be read first, for an understanding of the case, is placed at the rear. This, says the editor, Mr. Klaus, is "legal propriety." Perhaps; but, from every other point of view, it is pedantry. The editor's own introduction will, I think, baffle nearly everyone but the most resolute. The argument before the Supreme Court has some fine oratory, of the old-fashioned, stately type.

It is a useful illustration of the variance between the English and American lawyers' views of the literature of criminal law, to contrast this projected series of American Trials with the similar series in Great Britain. The British judge or barrister does not think of himself as going slumming, if he discusses in print a straight criminal trial, with no interest but its human interest. Barristers, as well as mere literary men, have edited volumes in the Notable British Trials, and judges and Lord Chancellors have contributed material, and accepted dedications. And, I believe, the British criminal bar is not beneath ours in its standards, its learning, or in the character of its practitioners.

The projected American Trials, on the other hand, have about them a professorial atmosphere. A merely interesting criminal trial is, apparently, a little beneath its notice. It begins with this hard nut of constitutional law. The forthcoming items are clearly chosen for some legalistic, sociological, or political aspect. The Molineux case (which nobody, except, perhaps, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, could make other than interesting), is taken for its famous point of law before the appeal court; the Chicago anarchists and Sacco-Vanzetti for political reasons, and so on. An interesting series, which I shall wish to own and to read,—but a high-brow series, none the less. Our lawyers seem to have the kind of learning which carries with it a great many facts. But they have not attained, as writers, the learning which leads to simplicity. They fail to see that a trial may be interesting for itself alone, even if it does not establish some thundering maxim of the law.

A Persian Boyhood

IN THE IMPERIAL SHADOW. By MIRZA MAHMOUD KHAN SAGHAPHI. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARY FLEMING LABAREE

THIS book tells the story of a Persian boyhood, tells it brilliantly, and in a style retaining the native flavor, yet cleverly enough occidental for the understanding of the western reader.

This particular boyhood story should be told brilliantly for its setting was far from common. Mirza Mahmoud Khan Saghaphi, the boy in question was not the seed of peasants, not the son of water-carrier, spice-merchant, or money-lender. He was the child of a well-known and learned nobleman of ancient and honorable lineage, born to spacious living and fine culture, in the capital city of Persia, which has been Teheran, since the Kajars made it so. Also when still a small boy he became page at the brilliant court of Nassr-ed-Din Shah, great-grandfather to the last Kajar sovereign.

Depicted for us are outstanding scenes in the young Khan's early life, from the happy stir in his father's house and quarter, incident to his arrival in the world of men. We see him acquiring his first steed, a tall, white, pedigreed Kerman donkey. We see him going to school in a room perched on the roof of the bazaar, to a teacher who was jinee-catcher as well as dispenser of learning. There are adventures in the imperial harem and in the imperial camp, also, with a knight-errant. There are stories of hunting, of riding with the Shah, and that dramatic and fateful assassination of the Shah, so near to his year of jubilee, in the Shrine of Hezrate Abdol-Azim.

* * *

But more to be remembered than exotic incidents and the leisurely rhythm of complex family life, is the series of Persian miniatures. Of all the miniatures, that of the Khan's gracious, beautiful mother is most memorable. Close to it in rank however, are those of the wise and stately father, the uncles holy and unholy, Akbar, Queen Ghamar-ed-Dowleh, the Imperial Majesty himself.

This is a book for the lovers of drama, line, and color, in an Oriental setting. For the more sober-minded, merely alien ways of living may intrigue, while the person with a *flair* for history, may find in this story of the last days of the longest Kajar reign both background and clues to Pahlavi Persia of Reza Shah.

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Further Indictment

SLAVES OF THE GODS. By KATHERINE MAYO. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

SINCE the publication of "Mother India" the name of Katherine Mayo has entered that somewhat select group known as "household words." This is not necessarily an honor, for these words, few as they are, cover a wide range of ethical implication. Christ and the Devil are but two of them. And there would be vehement dissent whatever rung on the ethical ladder was assigned as Miss Mayo's seat. There are those who look upon her as the prophet of a new day for India. There are others—possibly more numerous—who look upon her as a muckraker, as a panderer, or worse.

When the carefully documented indictment of "Mother India" fell among the fascinating, but exotically frail, structure which Hindu lecturers and writers had constructed for us out of the vaunted beauties of Indian philosophy, Indian religion, and Indian spirituality, a veritable riot broke out. Father, sons, sisters, and adopted aunts of Mother India rose in her defence with a vehemence which betrayed more than a relative interest in her good name. Miss Mayo was denounced as a liar, a propagandist, a sensational journalist, and even as a tourist. Her statistics, of course, were awkward things to get around and so it was asserted that these were antiquated and referred, insofar as they were admissible at all, to a period varying from a couple of decades to a couple of centuries ago according to the enthusiasm of the critic.

Miss Mayo continued her way—evil or not as the case may be—unabashed. She had set herself a task just as she had in the case of the rural police and of the Filipinos and she refused to be driven off her course. "Mother India," despite its outward resemblance to a lawyer's brief, had reached hundreds of thousands of readers. But there were many who should have the truth and could not be reached in this way. For these Miss Mayo has put her indictments of the Hindu social system in story form. The warp of beauty and the woof of horror in child marriage, child suicide, wife murder, infanticide, have been painstakingly woven together into a series of tales which are as fascinating as they are terrifying. Abstractly there is no more truth—and no less—in these tales than there was in the chapters of "Mother India," but somehow or other there is more poignancy in the death of little Kamla Devi, the murder of the child wife, the torture of the child widow, and the sacrifice of the charming Alamelu, than in columns of disgrace-laden figures that tell us how many hundreds of thousands of little Hindu girls share their fate every year.

The stories themselves are most artistically done. As a mere collection of tales they have a charm and an Oriental flavor that suggests now Burton and now Kipling. But Miss Mayo has not stopped at the stories. Her purpose is not to add to the world's stock of fiction, but to press home her arraignment of the Hindu social system. For this it is essential that the reader should understand that the stories are not fiction but truth in fictional form. At the end of each story, therefore, she has collected a few excerpts from statements of Indian leaders, which not only testify to the essential truth of the tale, but proclaim the prevalence of the evil which it depicts. There is nothing wearisome in these excerpts. They are short and to the point and they effectively answer the question which, in view of the attacks on "Mother India," will inevitably arise in the reader's mind—"But is this really true?"

Nor has Miss Mayo missed the opportunity to confound the critics of "Mother India," although she nowhere mentions them. With a few exceptions all of the statements quoted have been made since 1920 and the great majority of them since "Mother India" was written. Thus does she negative the assertion that "Mother India" dealt with the old bad days and that the evils therein laid bare have long since ceased to exist.

Taken as a whole, "The Slaves of the Gods" utterly destroys the criticism leveled at "Mother India." If it adds nothing to the original indictment, it leaves nothing to the apologist for Hindu culture. Miss Mayo has no quarrel with the literary and philosophical theories which underlie that culture, but she condemns with all the vigor of an outraged soul the social oppression which exemplifies those theories as they are practised in India.

In one respect she carries her argument somewhat further than she did in "Mother India." A basic tenet of British rule in India is that there is to be no interference with the religious customs of the Indian peoples. This has not prevented the suppression of suttee and thuggee, the burning of widows and assassination under the guise of religion. Miss Mayo raises the pertinent question whether the time has not come for a more vigorous effort to modify the inexcusable social practices of Hinduism, practices which account for a vastly greater total of human misery than the more dramatic crimes of suttee and thuggee. To be sure, the present social practices hide behind the mask of religious injunction, but this very circumstance forces the question whether religious toleration, desirable as it is, should be stretched to cover a mass of oppressions which the oppressors choose to cloak with religious sanctity. The most earnest advocate of religious toleration would hardly defend human sacrifice today no matter how earnestly the perpetrators believed in its religious efficacy. Miss Mayo in her latest volume has not only nailed down and double-riveted the charges made in "Mother India," but she has posed a further question to the leaders of civilization: "How long must any portion of humanity be bound to mortal wretchedness for the benefit of a priestly and privileged class, before the unctuous plea of the oppressors for religious tolerance becomes a blaring absurdity?"

While Miss Mayo poses the question she is no less careful to point out the enormous difficulties involved. The two stories "Why They Do Not Tell" and "Loneliness," as well as incidents in several of the others, show most forcibly how seemingly impossible it is even to find a place to begin. The oppressed classes are so thoroughly imbued with the righteousness of their own lowly condition and the oppressing classes so thoroughly imbued with the righteousness of their own oppression that beneficent action seems utterly precluded. Where it has been attempted it has, with discouraging regularity, reacted to the detriment of those it tried to help. The problem is thus not one for the British government alone, but for civilization at large.

An Army of Artists

THE PRINCE OR SOMEBODY. By LOUIS GOLDING. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT NATHAN
Author of "The Bishop's Wife"

MR. LOUIS GOLDING has the extraordinary good fortune to employ under the banner of his name, and in his single person, a whole army of artists. There are at least two novelists whom I know very well: Louis the mystic, the cabalist, the hagiographer; and Golding the romantic, the poet, the lad-in-love-with-the-lady-in-the-fairy-tale. There are, besides, the traveler, and the scholar; and finally, Golding of Oxford, the Generalissimo, one might say, of this successful army.

Of some of these Goldings I have written before: of the mystic, the author of the beautiful "Miracle Boy"; of the traveler, whose delightful "Those Ancient Lands" appears this spring. Now I have before me "The Prince or Somebody," by the romantic Golding; and it seems to me the happiest of his books. On page sixteen, between hoots of laughter, I asked myself: Can he possibly keep it up? He does; his wit stitches the book together with a bright thread.

It is the story of Merryl Kielsen, Princess Rurikoff, and her strange, dark husband Fyodor, who made so much trouble, and felt so unhappy; of Ben Wain, the little Englishman with that one astonishing left hook to the chin; of the dog Boris; of the Tyrolese Alps; of the lascivious Mariandl with her little, red nose; of Frau Schabs, to whom the whole dreadful proceedings were "not a joke, not a little thing, Oh no, no, no"; and of many others, drawn together in a story which not only marches along the borders of terror, but moves with the best of good humor, wit, and gusto, and even with beauty.

For it is to the further good fortune of Golding of Oxford that the mystic who writes under his banner is a cracking good story-teller; and that the romantic is a wise and able psychologist. Here, as in "Store of Ladies," the romantic holds the front: such a romantic, even—will he ever forgive me?—as Arlen of the "Green Hat"—; but the other regiments of his art are never far behind. It is the mystic who emerges at the end of the book, among the saints of the Floriansthal; it is the traveler who paints for us, in chapter after chapter, the snows and gardens of the Tyrol. How happy he is at description, one learns almost at once:

> He was awakened upon the third morning by a blast of sunlight so strong that he almost heard it. The air that struck in through the open window was keen and bright, as if a mountain pasture rose beyond it towards hanging woods and high waters. The tinkle of the tram car at the end of the street had a sharp sweetness about it. . . .

The taste of Switzerland is in my mouth as I copy it.

It is the wit who gives us the gorgeously comic Frau Schabs:

"No," she cried. "No! Es ist kein Spass, es ist keine Kleinigkeit!"

"I thought it mightn't be," murmured Ben.

"Oh no! Oh no! It is no joke! It is no small detail. No joke at all! As for being a small detail, it is no small detail at all!"

And for sheer virtuosity, the departure of Merryl from Unterwald, among the trunks and boxes, is a thing to gape at, and to remember.

"The Prince or Somebody" is the story of Merryl. Fyodor loved her—alas, so tragically; Ben Wain loved her—alas, so hopelessly—and Mr. Golding loves her, as an author should love his heroine. Does he understand her? I do not know. He states his own perplexity; perhaps, too, he states his heart's own hope, his heart's true longing—for the arms of the maternal, for the endlessness of motherhood. He calls Merryl a "myth creator." What else is the mother?

But that is mere conjecture; and it concerns, besides, another Mr. Golding, of whom it is neither my purpose nor my privilege to speak.

The book delighted me. It should delight many thousands more.

In the Manner of Memories

THE GRAND MANNER. By LOUIS KRONENBERGER. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, and hence less satisfactory. The sole disability under which memoirs labor (more or less according to the writer's conscience) is an obligation to keep somewhere within measurable distance of the truth. And truth is not only notoriously lacking in verisimilitude, but also wants, as a rule, poetic justice, dramatic situations, ironic contrasts, all the equipment of artistic narrative. Now and then a bold author, perceiving this, writes fiction in the manner of a book of memoirs, and enjoys the best of both worlds. Stevenson's "Prince Otto" was such a book; so was Anthony Hope's "The King's Mirror," which sadly disappointed a schoolboy looking for another "Prisoner of Zenda," but which remains in his later memory as a masterpiece in its kind: such a book is "The Grand Manner."

It is laid in the court of a mythical German "regulus or kinglet" at a period between the unidentified but evident eighteenth century of "Prince Otto" and the contemporaneousness of "The King's Mirror"—the early and middle nineteenth century. Those were the days when the term "continental" was beginning to acquire signficance, so that "Second Empire" seems mysteriously more polished and urbane than "Victorian," and how much more than our own fabulous 'forties and 'fifties! The continental polish and urbanity appear in all their luster in "The Grand Manner." Most of the characters are stupid as only inbred aristocrats can be; some of them are brutal; scarcely one is witty: and yet by some strange skill and style, the general impression made by the book is that of a brilliant and courtly circle, in the garish colors and under the glaring gaslights of the period. The style of the book is indeed itself a *tour de force* of the sophisticated manner.

Upon that side, then, Mr. Kronenberger has attained the fascination of the memoir, its air of glitter and indescretion. Upon the other he has written a good novel, a thing the unaided Muse of history does not often do. His book has none of the conventional cloak-and-sword plot to which the experienced reader resigns himself on finding himself in a kingdom outside his geography; it is an ironic study of the tragedy that may befall a king who is not sufficiently kinglike. In the history books, of course, there are plenty of weak kings who succeed

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in dying in state bedchambers, respected by all and admired by themselves; but the advantage of the novelist—or the tragic poet—is that he can surround his protagonist with precisely the circumstances required to bring out his character, or to break it. With a relentlessness fortunately never found outside books and plays, everything in King Rudolph's parentage, upbringing, and associations, every incident of his life, remorselessly conspires against his peculiar unimportant weaknesses. It is true that Mr. Kronenberger, as Jove, allows a season of prosperity to the prince he was determined to destroy. There is the early episode of the royal marriage (paralleled by that in *The King's Mirror*), in which for a miracle the course of true love runs completely, and then comes to an end that would be tragic if the treatment were not so determinedly ironic.

The characters are as vivid and well-executed—not indeed as those of nature, but, let us say as those of any memoir-writer; the arrangement, movement, and narrative far better. What "The Grand Manner" misses in historical significance it makes up in dramatic value. To compare it with the actual history of any German principality or petty kingdom is to come perilously near falling into the Wildean heresy of the superiority of art to nature.

The Mind of the Savage

THE "SOUL" OF THE PRIMITIVE. By LUCIEN LÉVY-BRUHL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by ROLAND B. DIXON
Harvard University

NOWADAYS scientists and investigators will not let the poor savage alone. Not content with studying sympathetically his arts and industries, attempting to lay bare the inner secrets and bases of his social life, and probing into the ultimate recesses of his religious beliefs, they also seek to uncover the very processes of his mind in an endeavor to explain why he is so unlike ourselves. Professor Lévy-Bruhl, as is well known, has put forward the thesis that the "primitive" as he prefers to call him, thinks illogically or, as he phrases it, "pre-logically" and mystically. In the present volume he studies from this point of view the savage's conception of his own individuality, both as a living person and also after death. With customary force and clearness he seeks to show by widely selected examples that the savage's idea of his self is far less sharply limited than ours, that the margin of his individuality is, as it were, blurred, since he regards many of his "appurtenances"—his clothing, his house, his weapons, etc.—as belonging in a very real sense to it. He conceives of himself further, Professor Lévy-Bruhl believes, not as an individual but as a member of his social group. Because of his "pre-logical" mind, he finds no difficulty in believing that he can be present in two places or two forms at once, as witness the belief in lycanthropy. The savage has no conception of a "soul" as a discreet entity inhabiting his body and leaving it at death. He believes in a continued existence after death, to be sure, and his body, his skull, his property are still his "appurtenances." In death as in life he has the quality of bi-presence, only after death the emphasis is placed on that presence which is not usually visible, except as a ghost or in some animal form.

* * *

These are but a few of the many aspects of the problem which the author ably discusses and, if one is not critically inclined, one lays down the book with a feeling that at last the mystery of the savage mind and of his customs and beliefs, so strangely different from our own, are made clear. It is all quite simple after all, the one word "pre-logical" explains everything. But does it? Have we not here another of those attempts to explain a tremendously complex group of phenomena by a single master key, in which success is possible only if contradictory facts or equally plausible alternative explanations are ignored, the evidence carefully selected and interpretations strained or forced? A rereading shows, I believe, that this is the case. Furthermore, the whole argument rests upon a fallacy, in that it assumes that the savage is fundamentally different from ourselves, that there are no gradations, that we are purely logical in our thought, whereas the "primitive" is wholly "pre-logical." That the average civilized man always thinks logically is obviously not true, and anyone who has had personal contact with so-called savages knows that while they are often illogical, they often reason just as logically as we do. The savage is indeed more group-conscious than we are, but that does not mean that he is not for certain purposes and under certain circumstances just as individualistic as we.

Malinowski and others who have had close contact with savage folk have shown, and shown very clearly, that the idea that savages are fundamentally unlike ourselves, is quite erroneous. We and they share a common humanity to a far greater degree than the closest student appreciates. Indeed, many of the concepts which Professor Lévy-Bruhl treats as characteristic of "primitives" are really not to be distinguished from those held by the average civilized man. If the savage is "pre-logical" so also in many respects is the European peasant or the dweller on Main Street, and so also are the best of us at times.

A Gallant Personality

LAST CHANGES, LAST CHANCES. By H. W. NEVINSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1929.

Reviewed by F. V. MORLEY.

THIS is the third volume of Mr. Nevinson's reminiscences. The first two volumes told of his early services as a war-correspondent in the Graeco-Turkish War of 1897, and during the South African War, in Ladysmith and Pretoria; of his part in exposing the Turkish misrule in Macedonia, and of the system of slavery in Portuguese Angola and the islands of the Guinea Gulf; of his trips in Russia and the Caucasus and Georgia in the revolutionary years of 1905-1907; of the "Unrest" in India in 1907-1908, of the Balkan Wars, and Ireland; and finally, of his visit to Berlin, and his escape just as the Great War began. The present volume starts with August, 1914. The scene is in succession. Belgium, France, the Dardanelles, Salonika, France again, and Germany immediately after the Armistice; then Ireland during the times that led up to the Treaty of 1921; the Washington Conference of the same year; Germany during the Ruhr occupation; and, in conclusion, Palestine. The volume is thus of even greater interest than the preceding ones. Most of the issues dealt with are alive today, and doubtless will remain alive. One cannot dodge their importance, and one of Mr. Nevinson's great virtues is that one cannot dodge his remarks. He is not afraid of decisive statements, because quick give-and-take is the readiest way to encourage thinking.

Two victories are recorded, in which Mr. Nevinson had a personal share—the suffragette movement, and the Irish Treaty. There are also failures, such as the break-up of the old (London) *Nation* group; and there is the voyage of discovery to America in 1921. His observation is as quick and energetic at the age of seventy, as it was forty years earlier; though his remarks emphasize some points at the expense, sometimes, of others. Of the States shortly after the war he says:

> I was struck by a peculiar absence of indignation. The country is too vast for the concentration of widespread rage. There is no gathering point for indignant protest like our Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square. General prosperity was partly the cause, for no prosperous being wishes to make a disturbance. But the Americans seemed to me leisurely, acquiescent, patient, obedient—not a "fierce people," as Burke called the English. They submit quietly to the injustice of authority—to what their own Walt Whitman called "the never-ending audacity of elected persons."

These remarks referred to some of the convictions, such as that of Mollie Steimer, under the Espionage Act; to remove them from the context is to give an unfair impression that Mr. Nevinson leaps to generalizations. But even apart from the context they are stimulating. It would seem easier not to attempt to lump a hundred million people into one character; but the distinction between fierce and acquiescent individuals can be established, and among journalists there is perhaps a greater proportion of the acquiescent type here than in England. The nineteenth century liberals in England were fierce men, and the tradition extended to journalism. Such an astonishing display of enterprise and activity, over so many years as Mr. Nevinson's, is only to be explained by a predominant passion. H. M. Tomlinson once wrote: "There is no other living journalist who has an experience as extensive as Nevinson's of the silly and cruel lapses of men—the wars and revolutions of half a century; he was there every time; there never was such a fellow for divining the hours and the locality of the next uproar. . . ." This in itself does not excite the critically-minded. The prescience might not be valued higher than the prescience of a stormy petrel, if something more remarkable were not exhibited. The vigorousness and energy, the rage as well as the daring, all that goes to make the quoted "fierceness," are intelligible as the result of a faith, which in turn is humanitarian, of an active Victorian kind.

As a gallant fighter for that faith, and as a gallant figure, Mr. Nevinson's reputation was established many years ago. It is, of course, possible to take too romantic a view of the job of a war-correspondent. Arthur Moore, in a novel about the Young Turk revolution, once described a character who "gallantly waving a cane, and shouting the line *Cras amat qui nunquam amavit, quique, amavit cras amet,* dashed to death in the thick of the foe." It was announced that this character was drawn from Mr. Nevinson. But though Mr. Nevinson is liberal in his attitude toward romantics, he mentions the comparison in order to avoid it, "deeming such a reputation hard to die up to." There are many examples of such terse, good-tempered comment mingled with the hard-hitting in the volume.

A Regal Something

THE LIFE OF H. R. H. THE DUKE OF FLAMBOROUGH. By BENJAMIN BUNNY. A Footnote to History: Arranged, Expurgated and Edited by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

FOR American readers this amusing skit does not possess either the news value, the scandal value, or the solid and thought-fomenting interest which it must have had in England. For here, under the most tenuous of disguises, is the life of the late Duke of Cambridge, cousin of Queen Victoria and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army which he left, in 1895, still fit to win a battle like Waterloo. A nation where royalty still evokes a corporate reverence, not always unmixed with individual contempt, might well shiver at this bringing to light of some of the more absurd legends about the ruling house, as it might well take to heart Mr. Housman's conclusion. For his purpose is to display "the real ridiculousness into which Royalty betrayed a worthy, but inefficient character," and to set forth some means by which Royalty, if it is still to be maintained, might better earn its wages.

All that has only a local interest. But readers of any nation must be amused at this absurd biography which Mr. Housman has told with a sly humor that will be a delight to the reflective. The intrigues of the royal dukes to the end that a king, not a queen, might succeed William IV, and their defeat by Victoria's instinctive Victorianism; the Duke of Cambridge's exploit in leading the charge of the wrong army in the Crimea; the uncertainty of his morganatic children as to the occupation of a father whose appearances were irregular and furtive, so that they first decided that he was a burglar, and then (on proof of royal interest) that he must be the Queen's butler—all this is humor of very near the first degree.

But the humor, after all, is only subsidiary in the finished product, whatever Mr. Housman's intention may have been. The Duke was described by one who knew him as "an old fool, but a great gentleman." Mr. Housman gives loving care to the depiction of the old fool, but somehow it is mostly the great gentleman who emerges. Fool he certainly was, and so long as he commanded the army a standing peril to his country; but many a clever man might well wish to be such a fool as this one. Just so Queen Victoria, whom Mr. Lytton Strachey appears to regard as ludicrous and pathetic, emerges from his biography with a regal something which is neither pitiable or laughable. Whether you like these Guelphs or not, there seems to have been something about them.

The James Tait Black Memorial Prize for the best biographical work of 1928 has been awarded to Mr. John Buchan for his book "Montrose." Mr. Siegfried Sassoon has won the prize for the best novel with his "Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man."

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The Movie World

THE HOUSE THAT SHADOWS BUILT. By WILL IRWIN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK TUTTLE

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

A GOOD story about Bernard Shaw and a picture magnate went the rounds several years ago. The story told how the movie monarch offered Shaw the world as his audience through the screen medium, and suggested that such an opportunity should lead the satirist to charge a little less for the screen rights to his plays. When the cinemagnate grew emotional about the vastness of the public he was offering the writer, Shaw is said to have remarked, "Mr. Blank, the obvious difficulty is that you are an artist and I am only a business man."

Authentic or not, the anecdote was typical of sophisticated comment on the movie world a few years ago. Now Mr. Will Irwin has written "The House That Shadows Built." In it he seriously advances evidence to prove that a movie emperor of whom it might be said, "this was the noblest showman of them all," actually was motivated by an indisputably artistic urge. The man is Adolph Zukor. "Temperamentally," says Irwin, "he is a creator, an artist. . . ."

And again,

> By the end of the year 1911, he (Zukor) had a plan and a programme. . . . His producing company would make "full-length" films. . . . To succeed on this scale, they must excel not only in length but in quality anything that trusts or independents had ever done before.

And later,

> At that period—and even today—the actual production of films focussed all his ambitions. . . . Life balked that ambition and continued to balk it . . . gradually and reluctantly, Zukor passed from art to finance.

That characterization—the man who wanted to create something over and above making a success in the regulation rotarian manner—is the predominant note of the Irwin book, and the note which gives the book its flavor; plus the fact, of course, that any story dealing with a moving picture personality is bound to carry something of the romantic quality which clings to the half-tone world of Chaplin, Pickford, and Fairbanks.

It is undoubtedly for this reason that the latter part of the book is the more fascinating part, dealing as it does with the beginnings of the movie, its fight for respectability (Zukor's great contribution was here), its sudden overwhelming success, and the climax of distribution control and final amalgamations. This section of the book goes along with a swing because the material as well as the story-telling is thrilling and novel, while the account of Zukor's early life and struggles, though it is well told and stimulating, is too familiar in character to carry the same interest as the middle and final chapters.

Among the interesting points that are brought to light in the Irwin recital of Zukor's life are the fact that Adolph Zukor's first association with the moving picture idea took place in 1903-4 when he was one of five partners to open a Penny Arcade in South Union Square, that his second venture was with William Brady in connection with scenic movies viewed from the observation car of a prop train under the trade name of Hale's Tours, that Zukor bought the American rights to the first full-length picture (Sarah Bernhardt's "Queen Elizabeth" in four reels) for thirty-five thousand dollars, and that before Zukor starred Mary Pickford in "The Good Little Devil," her name and the names of the other early film favorites were not mentioned in the advertising of the pictures.

Perhaps the most amusing commentary on the success of Zuckor's fight to bring the despised flickerings of the nickleodeon into the realm of dramatic art has come to light with the advent of the talking picture. Now the high-brow critics of the screen (for the one time stepchild of the drama is now adorned with even these) are deploring the decay of a fine and silent art form, made vulgar by the introduction of mechanical excursions and alarums. To Adolph Zukor, who must have known some of these gentlemen when, as assistant dramatic editors, they refused space to the ancient art when it was young (about fifteen years ago) their disgust must seem curiously reminiscent of those good old days when Chaplin was still a music-hall comic, and Fairbanks the name of a scale.

The Bowling Green

The Folder

SCRATCHED WITH A DIAMOND ON A WALL STREET WINDOW PANE

THEY have raised nine towers, sheer
Into a smoking night,
And never was a burnished spear
More bright,
Nor any pagan soul in Hell,
Nor prince that lightly bowed
And on his upturned rapier fell,
More proud.

O. M. DENNIS, JR.

Our oldtime client F.H.P. sends us a clipping from one of Sherwood Anderson's Virginia papers—the Smyth County News, Marion, Va.,—which shows what coeducation does in the cattle business and therefore deserves a niche in our Sociology Clinic.

The clipping, to abbreviate the gist of it, tells of the great Steer Trial at the Smyth County Courthouse. The issue was between Mr. Roscoe Wilkinson, owner of 19 steers, and Mr. Henry Staley, in whose pasture the steers were put out to graze. Mr. Staley was suing Mr. Wilkinson for $181 rent of the pasture. Mr. Wilkinson's counter claim was for $119 damages done to his steers.

How was this damage done? Well, it appears that though not stated in black and white, Mr. Wilkinson had understood that the pasture was to be an entirely bachelor preserve. His steers, unagitated by any sort of social excitement, were quietly to fatten for the market. They did so. With no more disturbance than one would see through the plate glass windows of the Union League Club, those steers spent a peaceful summer. They throve and when in October a customer came to look them over they were a fine healthy lot, averaging 1,050 lbs. each, and a contract of sale was drawn up on that basis. Delivery was to be made a fortnight later.

But during that fortnight the trouble began. Mr. Staley allowed someone else to send over a squad of heifers to browse in that pasture. We allow Mr. Sherwood Anderson—for we presume it is he who writes up the trial—to tell what happened:

> Then the trouble began with his steers according to Mr. Wilkinson. Romance entered their lives.
>
> The steers, Mr. Wilkinson claimed, lost all sense of how a respectable, just-ready-for-the-market steer should live and conduct himself. They looked at the heifers, they neglected their eating, they couldn't keep their "minds on their business."
>
> They played tag with the lady cows all over the 190-acre lot. Their days and nights were spent in fruitless revels. There was no peace in Mr. Staley's pasture, the serpent had entered in.
>
> On the 24th Mr. Wilkinson and the Kellers came for the steers. They were so bad off, Mr. Legard Keller said, that he had trouble recognizing them as the same bunch he had bought some days previously. Gone was the sleek fatness, the contented steerful look. Instead there was a bunch of wild-eyed, worn, ruffled, thinned down, sleepless and disappointed animals. When they were weighed they only averaged around 950 pounds.
>
> This was Mr. Wilkinson's counter claim. Mr. Staley had allowed heifers to be turned in and his steers had consequently run about an average of 100 pounds each off themselves. The steers had been sold at about ten cents a pound. Not to be selfish, Mr. Wilkinson said through his attorney, he was only claiming a loss of sixty pounds per steer. That made him due, he claimed, about $119 damages from Mr. Staley.
>
> And it was here the drama began. Mr. Funk and Mr. Wilkinson had assembled all the foremost authorities on steer psychology now living in Smyth county. They were massed on the left. One by one they took the stand and told of the secret thoughts of the average steer.
>
> The steer, they agreed, is a sensitive animal. He has an imagination. He is perhaps a neurotic of a sort. When by himself or with other steers he is generally happy and careful. He eats, drinks, lies in the shade, grows fat and is sold for beef.
>
> It is when heifers come into his life that he changes. A heifer, it was brought out over and over again in most delicate language, has times in her life when she is filled with romantic thoughts. She thinks of a little home and fireside and babies playing around the cottage door. Her heart is full of yearning.
>
> At such times somewhat the same thoughts get into a steer. He, too, has romantic imaginings, and they are bad for his digestion.
>
> It was quite possible that some such things came into the lives of Mr. Wilkinson's steers and Mr. Long's heifers, the experts agreed. Under such circumstances, it was variously estimated, a steer might lose from 50 to 100 pounds in coquetting with a lush young heifer over a 190-acre lot.
>
> Afterwards came the closing arguments by the attorneys. Mr. Collins spoke doubtfully of the great loss of weight suffered by Mr. Wilkinson's steers. Mr. Funk began with the history of man. He traced a parallel with the fall of Mr. Wilkinson's steers. "Who can blame a steer?" he asked.
>
> Then the jury retired. They stayed out a good long time. Finally they came back with the verdict. Mr. Staley, of course, was awarded his $181 rent. But from it they deducted $25 to pay for damages to Mr. Wilkinson's steers.

I hope it was Sherwood Anderson who wrote the story, for like every really genuine item of Local News it is also a universal fable, worthy of La Fontaine. There are few thoughtful men with writing persuasions who have not sometimes dreamed of running a country newspaper. It was a wise move of Mr. Anderson's and undoubtedly is giving many rich suggestions to his vigorous talent.

The only comment that any amateur keyserling would make on the affiair is that apparently no decline in physique was claimed for the heifers. Are we to conclude that ladies thrive on emotional heyday?

* * *

The same F.H.P. writes about the reviewing of books:—

> I am coming to think there are three classes of book reviews. One seems to be addressed to those who have not read the book; another to those who have, oddly enough; the third, and not uncommon, is an essay, often interesting, perhaps more so than the book supposed to be under the reviewer's eye, but, after all, having little to do with the case.
>
> I don't think a reviewer should gut a book—as Hazeltine of the *Sun* used to do; but one did come away with some idea of the book as a book, although he remained ignorant of the reviewer's pet prejudices. I think reviewers are chosen at times because they are authorities, or are well known, or, it would seem, for any reason except for ability to review a book, which indeed requires talent more frequently than genius. If all this be a complaint, it is in no way aimed at the *Sat. Rev.* The disease is universal. Indeed, we need about 5,000 Mrs. May Lamberton Beckers scattered around our reviewing columns. Her paragraph is worth the average page.

* * *

Miss Phyllis Fenner, librarian of the Manhasset (L.I.) High School, reports that a small colored boy returned "Uncle Remus" saying "Mah Mothah wants to know if you-all haven't got this book written in English. She says she can't read it."

* * *

Mr. S. V. M. Ray, attorney of Miami, Florida, makes Albania seem more real to us than it ever did before:—

> Your masterly review of the circular of the Albanian National Brewery, Ltd., in the *Saturday Review* of April 6th, has nearly got me up to the point of writing to Mr. Tush Kakarriqi to ask him for a job.
>
> It has been five years and more since I was in Albania, but I know Albanian habits have not changed, and I hasten to assure you that the general look of the beer situation in those regions is all anybody could ask. I know less about the Albanians than I do of the neighbors, the Dalmatians, but one of the most impressive facts I gathered was that the Albanian capacity for beer is the envy of the Dalmatian, and the Dalmatian ditto is the outstanding national characteristic.
>
> My friend D. R. married one of those marvelous Italo-Slavic girls, and was well acquainted with the whole eastern shore of the Adriatic. One night, anchored in the roadstead off Split, we calculated the possibilities, found the nearest brewery was Serajevo, and completed our plans to come back and start a brewery of our own when our enlistments expired. D. R. was transferred to Constantinople, and extinguished himself one night with a half-ounce of chloral hydrate, so our brewery didn't brew, but I am glad to see this British company has grasped the possibilities in the next-door country.
>
> Your random half-column brings back all the gay faces of promenading girls in the Narodny Trj, the pleasant groups about the little tables where conversation slips from French to German to Italian to Croatian with unconscious ease, and the ancient joy of dipping the beezer into a pot of proper beer. By golly, I may go back and start that brewery yet. If I do, I'll let you in on it, if you say so.

* * *

I was interested to notice W. W. Norton and Company, in their well written advertisement in last week's *Saturday Review*, referring to the author of "The Way of All Flesh" as a "parson." The whole point about Samuel Butler's career was that in spite of all temptations he did *not* become a parson. His father and grandfather were clergymen, and he himself was at one time a lay reader (like our old friend Mr. Gissing) but he split upon the reef of the efficacy of infant baptism. So he gave up the Church and went to New Zealand to herd sheep; which, in his active and humorous mind, amounted to much the same thing.

I never heard that he discovered any doubts as to the efficacy of baptizing sheep. But to be point device in the matter I should have to look again at that excellent Memoir of Butler, by Henry Festing Jones.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Morituri Te Salutamus

EDUCATION in America, where there are about seven hundred thousand students in institutions of collegiate rank alone, has become almost a major industry. Although teachers are not yet organized into trade unions there is a greater cohesion among them as a body than there is among artists, journalists, clergymen, authors, and other men leading what may loosely be called the artistic or intellectual life. Moreover it is easier to get at the economic situation of the professor's household than it is to do so in the cases of the others. Statistics of income are readily available and thanks to two recent studies, one made of the faculty of Yale and the other of that of the University of California, we have very definite information as to their detailed expenses. For these various reasons the question of the professional income of the intellectual worker and its relation to the general wage or income scale of the country and the standard of living has largely been confined to the teacher. For the same reasons the teacher offers perhaps the best starting point for the present discussion.

The California study* was a survey of the incomes, expenses, and ways of life of ninety-six married members of the faculty, and I shall attempt to summarize only a few of the salient points brought out by the investigation. Half of these families had one child or none and the entire ninety-six averaged one and a half children per family. As a rule the salaries did not cover the necessary living expenses, the median salary of the whole group amounting to only sixty-five per cent of its total income (mostly spent), the difference being made up almost wholly from extra earnings and not from investments. The salaries ranged from $1,400 to $8,000, the average being $3,000, the bulk of the men holding full professorial rank being paid from $4,000 to $5,000. In forty per cent of the families the wives worked and added to the family income. As a rule, the men found teaching in the summer the only way of making the additional amount called for by their expenses, so that one-third of the faculty members and their wives reported no vacation at all; forty per cent had less than two weeks; and sixty per cent less than four weeks.

* * *

Correlating salaries and length of service, we find that after four years at college and three to five years additional preparation working for a higher degree or as a teaching fellow, a man may serve on the faculty from twelve to twenty-five years and be close to fifty years of age before he is at all assured of getting from $3,000 to $4,000, even if he is retained and successful. After fifteen years' service, on top of from seven to nine years' preparation, he has one chance in ten of earning from $5,000 to $7,000. Fourteen years' service, or twenty-one to twenty-three in all, are required to bring him to security of tenure on a salary of from $4,000 to $5,000. No family spending less than $6,000 was able to afford a full time maid. Nearly one-third of the wives, mostly college-bred themselves, did all of the family laundry as well as the rest of the housework. For two-thirds of the husbands and one-half of the wives, clothing was reported as costing annually between $100 and $200 each. The average amount spent per family for recreation, other than an automobile, was $200 a year. As a result of the study the investigator reaches the conclusion that $7,000 is the minimum amount per year on which a professional family can live without impairing their own efficiency in their professional work.

The findings at Yale are equally striking. The official report** made on conditions there recites, with regard to the members of the faculty spending $4,000 a year, that

> the married men at this level are usually of assistant professor rank, often with families of young children. They must live with extreme economy in the cheapest obtainable apartment, borrowing to meet the expenses of childbirth or sickness. The wife does all the cooking, housework, and laundry.

Of those spending $8,500 the report states that

> the families of associate professors and the younger full professors at this level, with three children and school expenses from nothing up to $1,000 a year, may either have a full-time servant or spend only $200 to $400 for occasional service. They live on the edge of a deficit. Even a small insurance premium is paid with difficulty and the purchase of clothing is kept as low as possible.

More than a quarter of the faculty families covered by the report had no children and the average number of children in such families as had any was exactly two. An instructor for his first two years gets a salary of $1,500-$1,800, in his third year $2,100, and thereafter $2,500. An assistant professor gets $3,000 during his first three years, $3,500 in the next three years, and $4,000 during his next three. An associate professor gets from $4,000 to $5,000 and a professor from $5,000 to $8,000. A first-class cook in New Haven costs

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

about $1,000 a year. Summing up, the report adds that

> taking into account the expenses to which his position subjects him and judging by the home that he is able to maintain, the American university teacher in many cases lives essentially as do men of the skilled mechanic class. . . It would perhaps be generally conceded that a reasonable standard for the economic level for a professor after twenty-five years of service would be the amount of money necessary to maintain a home in a ten room house, which he owns free of mortgage, to keep one servant and pay for some occasional service, and to provide an education for his children in preparatory school, college, and professional school on an equality with that obtained by the general run of students in this University. From the costs of various modes of living shown above [in the report], it appears that life at this level in New Haven now comes to about $15,000 or $16,000 a year.

It is well-known to those familiar with the situation of other intellectual workers that they find themselves in the same plight as the teachers in every case in which they do not sell their product in a mass-market, but before carrying the argument further I must touch on one more point in connection with the teachers. In another recent report* covering 302 colleges with 11,361 faculty members, it is stated that the average salary paid instructors, assistant or associate professors, and professors was $2,958. This compares with $1,724 in 1914-5. If we take that year as par and accept the usual comparison of the value of the dollar now as 61.7 cents, we find that in purchasing power the present average salary is $1,825, or about six per cent more than eleven years previously. It is evident therefore that the present crisis and deep discontent among intellectual workers is not due, or due only in small part, merely to the depreciated value of money. We must seek the cause elsewhere.

It is due in my opinion mainly to two things, both of which derive largely from mass production, namely, a rapidly altered standard and ideal of living, and a vast and equally rapid shift in the economic positions of the various classes of society.

Mass production, for the manufacturer, greatly decreases the cost of production, and selling in vast quantities greatly increases profits. There will come a time for almost every product when the inertia of selling it in a market already fairly saturated with it will increase the selling cost to such an extent as may more than equal the decreased cost of production, as is already occurring in certain lines. But meanwhile mass production has created enormous profits. In some cases and to some extent, though much fewer and less than generally assumed, the consumer has shared in these profits through lowered retail prices. The rest of the increased profit has gone in part to the workmen and, in much larger part, to the owners of the plants. In some lines, notably ready-made clothes for men, the prices of which are two and a half times those of 1912, the consumer has not benefitted at all.

A generation ago the range of goods which even the rich might buy was comparatively restricted, and the scale of expenditure for practically every one was moderate. Today there is an almost unlimited range, and although mass production may have put innumerable things at the disposal of the public, the cost of living has not only been enormously increased by them (as in the case of the automobile which absorbed on the average six per cent of the total expense of the University of California faculty), but the constant assault on people's minds by the most insidious sort of advertising makes these things appear necessities. Mass production requires mass sales, and mass sales require that the public shall be made to believe in the necessity of buying. The ideal of the modern business man is not to supply wants but to create them. America has always been a mass-minded country, and the modern sales manager appeals not only to the individual in creating new wants but enlists on his side the whole force of social opinion. His effort is directed not only at making an individual desire a certain article for itself but at making him feel that his standing in the community and the welfare of his wife and children depend upon their having it.

* * *

Mass-production salesmanship thus develops throughout all society a vast number of new and formerly unfelt wants, wants based on the things themselves or on social prestige. If these wants are satisfied by purchase the family expense is greatly increased. If the individual resists when others of his own class, and more particularly those formerly considered as in a lower social or economic class, buy freely, he feels himself sinking in the social scale in a country in which the "the standard of living" has come to have wholly a material significance. Moreover, many of these new things, such as the automobile and telephone, become literal necessities, when they become so common as to create a new social life based upon their possession. As I pointed out in the December *Harper's* a very considerable part of the increased cost of living is due to the so-called higher scale of living.

The scientific inventions and new commercial products of the past twenty years would, in any case, have made their appeal to such classes in the community as could have afforded them, but the complete change in the American mode of life and the consequent cost which has engulfed us all like a tidal wave would not have occurred had it not been for mass production. No one is troubled by not having something of which he has never heard and he is not greatly so by not being able to have something which no one has whom he is ever likely to know personally. For example it could not have troubled a college professor or writer in 1890 that he had not an automobile. It does not trouble them today that they cannot have a private five hundred foot ocean going yacht like Vincent Astor. It is not wholly a question of keeping up with the Joneses. Having a $2,000 car when one ought to have only a Ford is sheer ostentation, but having some car in the country is now a necessity unless one is going to cut one's self and one's family off from a very large part of social "neighborhood" as well as from the

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* Getting and Spending at the Professional Standard of Living. By J. B. Peixotto. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927.

** Incomes and Living Costs of a University Facutly. Edited by Y. Henderson and M. D. Davis. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1928.

* Teachers Salaries 1926-7. By Trevor Arnett. General Education Board. 1928.

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by James Truslow Adams

pleasures that all one's friends, practically without exception, are enjoying. The fact that today "everyone is having everything," whether they pay for it or not, is due to advertising and "high-powered salesmanship," and these are due primarily to mass production which requires mass markets.

But even these would not have been sufficient to alter so completely the status and peace of mind of the intellectual worker had it not been for the other effect of mass production mentioned above, that is, the shift in the economic status of the other classes. Formerly, although the intellectual worker occupied a comparatively low position in the economic scale, he was distinctly above the laboring class and even between him and the successful business man there was no unbridgable gulf. Between the home of the college professor, clergyman, or author and that of the business man there was a difference in degree but not in kind. The intellectual, like his business acquaintance, could have decent living quarters for his family, a maid to relieve his wife of the heaviest household duties, and make his home an expression of himself.

Today the intellectual finds his life and status attacked both from above and below. Whatever may be the other and somewhat problematic results of mass production, it has assuredly made the rich incredibly richer than they ever were before. Ford, who has refused an offer of one billion dollars cash for his plant, and who, in his incorporated form, keeps a balance at the bank of four hundred millions, is only a glaring example of what has been going on all around us. The same figures that represented the entire capital values of considerable fortunes twenty years ago represent today but the annual incomes of the fortunate transient war profiteers or permanent mass producers. This colossal increase in the wealth of the wealthy is tending to place a complete gulf between classes and at the same time to establish unprecedented standards of living.

* * *

Though it may seem a minor matter, take for example the question of furnishing a home. If the laws of imitation are of great power in society, so is that which makes expressing one's own personality one of the joys of life. The masters of mass production may preach the benefits of standardization but they themselves are exempt from the process. "A standardized print on your wall is just the thing for you," say they, while, like Mr. Mellon, they bid Count Czernin a million dollars for a Vermeer. "Standardized furniture is just the thing for the home," they preach from magazines while they sweep the market clean, at fabulous prices, of the fine old bits that even the most modest collector might have hoped to pick up with luck twenty years ago, until they have forced even the richest museums to forego purchase. The intellectuals, because they are intellectual, are among the most insistent of human beings against being standardized. The mass production managers feed them Ford cars, Victrolas, cheap prints, and other forms of *panes et circenses* and tell them they should be satisfied while they themselves by the power of their wealth, and in their frantic endeavor to escape standardized homes for themselves, bid fantastic prices against one another for old silver, chairs, tables, pictures, and every product of non-machine-made art and artisanship. The average man today, who wishes to make his home, sees everything but standardized articles soaring into the financial heavens above like toy balloons escaped from a child's hand. It is symptomatic of much else in a new world suffering from colossal and concentrated wealth. The intellectual finds himself deprived of more and more in comparison with the business man, and shoved downward into the general undistinguished, standardized mass.

* * *

But if he is shoved downward by the effect of the mass production wealth above him, he also has had a serious blow from the mass production wages of the classes below him. All wages have felt the effects of the mass production scales, and the result is that while the wealthy can pay the $900 or $1,000 demanded by a maid, the intellectual worker's wife does the cooking and laundry, as we saw above. Is it any wonder as a man watches his wife, who perhaps has as good a mind as his own, spend her days over the range and the tub in order that he may use his own mind to the best advantage, that he wonders what is ahead for her and the children and meditates escape for all of them from the plight into which they have been plunged? In a less material civilization, such as that of France, where, moreover, intellectual work has social recognition and reward quite apart from its financial, the plight is in many respects less serious even in the face of what Americans would consider poverty.

Such an escape, as we have just suggested, however, if made, has two aspects, the individual and the social. Frequently it is not difficult to make. It may be a complete flight from the intellectual to the business world, as has been and is being made by many. Or it may take the form of adapting one's intellectual product to mass consumption. One may try for the movies, preach sensational sermons, become a popular lecturer, write text books, or, if one has been writing for the serious magazines, try to learn the trick of writing for those with circulations in millions; and quadruple one's income or even amass a fortune. All the methods of escape suggested, however, entail for the individual a warping of the characteristic bent of his mind and generally a serious degeneration in his intellectual quality and character.

* * *

The escape thus has its social aspect. America already has, probably, the lowest grade mental life of any of the great modern nations. It can ill afford to destroy what intellectual life it has and force all intellectual and artistic individualism into the mass pattern. At the end of that road lies an Assyria, a Babylon, a Carthage. Not only can a nation not continue to function humanely with a large part of its intellectual life suppressed, but it may be asked whether it can permanently continue to function at all. The rich may buy up all the old furniture and paintings in the world but without new mind it would seem as though a machine civilization based on science must perish. All of our practical business men and inventors are now dependent in the last analysis on the pure scientist, the man whose thought and experiments bear no apparent relation to the practical life. The business man may consider the intellectual a crank and of no account in a practical world unless he submits to mass production and rolls up royalties that can be understood even by a realtor, but the intellectual life is all of a piece and it may be questioned whether a nation that guages its values by purely material standards and yet at the same time reduces its intellectual workers below the economic level of a freight car conductor can continue indefinitely to produce even the pure scientist. As M. Herriot said in an address to the students of the Sorbonne last July, "ne croyez pas à l'artificielle distinction des sciences et des lettres. . . . Les faits sont innombrables et les formes infinies. Au-dessus de tout, il y a l'esprit, maître du monde."

Europe might supply us with ideas in exchange for dollars but I see no remedy for our own intellectual life except a gradually growing sense of the real values of civilization on the part of the people. If business men consider a railway conductor a more important person than a professor, they will, quite apart from the law of supply and demand, give him a larger salary, and provide for college buildings rather than for the men who alone can give the buildings any significance. In what many regard as the benighted eighteenth century, Robertson was paid $22,500 for his "Charles the Fifth"; Smollett $10,000 for his history, Gay $5,000 for his poems, and Hume $3,500 a volume for his "History of England." Recently one of the most eminent publishing houses in New York insisted on paying its authors a beggarly $1,000 each for an important series of 100,000 word volumes. Other days, other interests. The problem comes back, as most do, to what people consider the real values in life. If, in the overwhelming mass of the population, those values are material and not spiritual, one cannot expect the spiritual life to flourish.

Of course for the intellectual worker of any sort, Grub Street has always been in the background, and a teacher, writer, or artist is probably further removed from the fear of starvation and the gutter today than perhaps ever before. It may also be conceded that the intellectuals should lead the way in renunciation and a sane ordering of life. But it must be remembered that in America owing to mass *mores* the individual (with his family) is infinitely less free to lead his own life in his own way and yet retain social contacts with others than he is in almost any country of Europe. To a considerable extent, it is only after he has conformed to the material American standards that his real spiritual freedom, and influence in personal relationships, begins. Moreover, whereas in Europe one can both preach and practise renunciation of the material for the sake of the spiritual, the doctrine in this country is considered un-American, and if carried out by many would obviously bring the whole system of mass production crashing about our ears. This is readily understood by the business leaders, who are the real heroes and ideals of the people. The last thing in the world that they want either preached or practised is the simple life. The intellectual here, therefore, who is himself quite content to live that life and do his creative work without any thought of competing for rewards with the business man, finds solidly aligned against such a scheme of living not only the mass production wage scales which makes the cost of almost any decent living prohibitive, but also the opinion of a spiritually unawakened public singularly bent upon forcing conformity to its own standards, and the opinion of the interested leaders of the public, the business men whose own profits now depend upon the public's becoming more and more materialistic.

The gigantic powers of manufacturing now in existence require for their profitable exploitation that the public shall be made steadily to develop new wants, wants that can be satisfied only by manufactured articles. Hoover and others may prate all they like about the concurrent need of an intellectual and spiritual life, but how is that life to develop if people are to be made to use their whole energies in satisfying new wants on the material plane? Yet if, on the one hand, they do not so grow, and, on the other, the intellectual classes become steadily more pinched between the two classes benefiting by mass production,—the owners above setting ever higher standards of living and the operatives below pressing steadily past them in an orgy of material well-being,—what will become of the intellectuals and how long will they continue to struggle and deny themselves, and have their wives do the laundry, in a civilization which will more and more look down upon their lack of earning power and their declining economic and social status?

James Truslow Adams, author of the foregoing article, was once a business man and is now a historian. He was a member of Colonel House's Commission to prepare data for the Peace Conference early in the World War, and as an officer of the Intelligence Division of the General Staff of the United States Army, was detailed to special duty at the Peace Conference at Paris. In 1921 *his "Founding of New England" won the Pulitzer Prize for history. That book was followed by "Revolutionary New England," and "New England in the Republic" (Little, Brown).*

J. H. Fowler, writing of "The Novels of Thomas Hardy" in an English Association pamphlet says: Hardy's writings bear the impress of modern science in his sense of *causality*. It is true that events in the novels are continually happening by chance, but this chance itself is a form of destiny determining the lives of the characters of the tale. In one of his poems, 'The Convergence of the Twain,' he has an uncanny vision of the iceberg in the Polar Seas and the great steamship *Titanic* being prepared long beforehand for the crowning moment in which they are to crash against each other. Nowhere does this sense of causality stand him in such good stead as in *The Dynasts*. Do we think of Napoleon as a great master-mind imposing his will upon Europe and moving vast armies of men as the veriest pieces upon a chess-board in pursuance of his colossal designs? Hardy shows us his impotence in the presence of destiny, and bids us overhear the ironic laughter of spirits supernal as we watch with them the drawing together of innumerable threads that are to weave the winding sheet of the conqueror.

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Books of Special Interest

A Noble Laziness of the Mind

THE LETTERBOOK OF SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Sybil Rosenfeld. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $7.50.

Reviewed by HENRY TEN EYCK PERRY

THE literary history of the Etherege Letterbook is most entertaining. Bought by the British Museum from the bookseller Wilkes on December 3, 1838, the first use made of it was by Macaulay in his "History of England"; here we read of "that profligate coxcomb Sir George Etherege," a true Macaulay touch. The rehabilitation of Etherege dates from Sir Edmund Gosse's essay on him published in "Seventeenth Century Studies" in 1883. Sir Edmund used the Letterbook extensively and published for the first time an account of the episode involving the *comédienne* Julia, who, he thinks, "seems to have been respectability itself." A. W. Verity in his 1888 edition of Etherege's plays printed a few additional extracts from the Letterbook, notably the letter to Betterton asking for copies of recent musical compositions and news of the theatrical world. John Palmer devoted a chapter in "The Comedy of Manners" (1913) to Etherege's life, quoting from the Letterbook at length and giving by means of it a vivid account of the dramatist's personality and point of view. This chapter still remains the best critical use made of the Letterbook, although in the last few years two different interpretations of it have appeared: in 1925 Bonamy Dobrée employed it in his "Essays in Biography" as the basis for a brilliant but uneven literary sketch in the modern impressionistic manner; in 1927 H. F. B. Brett-Smith used it in the Introduction to his definitive edition of the plays, treating it with scholarly care and ingenuity.

These various versions of a first-hand source have whetted the appetite of the reader of Etherege's brilliant comedies, and now at last the complete text of the Letterbook has been made generally available by Sybil Rosenfeld. In her edition one misses the original spelling and abbreviations, as well as detecting slight errors, by comparison with Mr. Brett-Smith's text; *zagos* advice in the Earl of Middleton's first letter to Etherege must surely stand for *Iago's* "Put money in thy purse." The most annoying misprint is in the first note on p. 167 (Dryden's letter appears on p. 355, not on p. 265), but there are more important things for which to be thankful. The editor's identification of the malicious secretary H. H. as Hugh Hughes is a distinct addition to our knowledge, and her entire treatment of the complicated political situation in which Etherege found himself involved at Ratisbon is clear and straightforward. The introductory material relative to the Letterbook itself is not sufficiently explanatory, but the Table of Contents helps to indicate exactly what the manuscript contains: two hundred and twenty-eight letters from Etherege (one hundred and ten of them being official reports to Middleton), sixteen letters from other persons, six sets of miscellaneous verses, some of Etherege's bills, the dramatist's account of a feast given to celebrate the birth of the Old Pretender, a catalogue of Sir George's books, Hugh Hughes's malevolent account of Etherege's life in Ratisbon, and the secretary's Latin complaint of his treatment by the envoy.

Here is a great wealth of unorganized material, interesting alike to the historian and to the student of literature. From it emerges the figure of Etherege the man, a Restoration courtier who has outlived the period of his glory. Over fifty years of age, he is sent on a diplomatic mission to an uncongenial German community, where he pines for the delights of London and the care-free days of the second Charles. "Nature no more intended me for a politician than she did you for a courtier," he writes to Dryden in perhaps the most brilliant letter in the entire collection, "but since I am embarked I will endeavor not to be wanting in my duty." For three years and six months he struggled with the pomposities of the Imperial Diet and with the personal enmity of the Count de Windischgrätz, finding momentary solace in the company of the French envoy, the Comte de Crécy, or in a game of ombre with the Comtesse. There were occasional love affairs, such as the notorious one with Julia, but for the most part the German women stood too much upon ceremony—even in love-making, so that he was forced to content himself with "a plain Bavarian with her sandy colored locks, brawny limbs, and a brick complexion." No wonder that he was homesick, but perhaps even in England he would have found that the world had moved beyond him. The court of James II was not like that of his brother, and Etherege was no longer young. He was of the past generation; alone, with too little money, in an unsympathetic society, he reminds one of no one so much as John Milton. Milton lacked that noble laziness of the mind of which Etherege boasted, but the Letterbook does not suggest that Sir George was any the happier because of this, his dominant humor.

Diane de Poitiers

THE ENCHANTRESS. By HELEN W. HENDERSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $4.50.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD

IN the conflict with oblivion, Diane de Poitiers (the author spells it Dianne de Poytiers after the ancient fashion) has won out over rivals whose title to fame was more legitimate. French history has been no stranger to women who exercised a fascination akin to hers. Gabrielle d'Estrées and Ninon de L'Enclos, the Pompadour and the du Barry, help to make the record of the past more piquant. Of them all Diane takes rank among the first.

The author has undertaken her task apparently as much from an interest in the subject as from any hope of profit. There is much of art and architecture in the volume, as might be expected from one who has been art editor for Philadelphia newspapers and who, as loiterer in America and abroad, has written a number of books embodying her observations. There is also much history, gleaned diligently from available books. It is to her credit that, not misled by Brantome and other chroniclers of scandal, she has taken the middle course in untangling the myriad legends which have grown up around the name of Diane.

One of the stories about Diane which everybody knows is that she was reputed to have been the mistress both of Francis I, the father, and Henry II, the son. The present author cites the evidence, which is not conclusive either way, and decides that it was quite probable Diane did become the mistress of Francis I in order to save the life of her father. The moral strictness of the society of the time was not such as to frown too severely on an indiscretion of this kind, and the story is bruited abroad so often and so emphatically that it may very well be true.

Diane did not apparently owe her influence primarily to physical perfection. The pictures of her with which this book is plentifully illustrated show no such exceptional beauty as would serve to launch a thousand ships or burn any topless towers. Perfect health and a perfect complexion aided her to maintain a youthful appearance until a fairly old age. Like the Aspasias of ancient Athens, Diane did not neglect her mind. Rising at six for an early horseback ride, she then retired to bed where she read until noon. She gained her ascendancy over Henry II when he was comparatively youthful and, although she was old enough to be his mother, he constantly neglected his young and charming wife, Marie de Medici, for his middle-aged but more fascinating mistress. This power over him she kept until the lance of the Scottish Montgomery brought the king to his untimely end.

There is not much material existing for an authoritative biography. Diane unfortunately told Henry to burn all her missives, and he apparently carried out her instructions to the letter. While there is abundance of mention among contemporary writers, there must always exist a doubt as to the exact amount of reliance which can be placed upon their statements. Some of them hated her; many of them wanted preferment, and said what they thought would bring it to them. The author thinks that Diane's sumptuous commissions to artists, sculptors, architects, and jewellers betoken her good taste, while she also thinks that the praises lavished on Diane by Ronsard and du Bellay would not have been wasted on the desert air. She also considers much of Diane's prestige with her century was due to the romantic and chivalrous spirit then in vogue, which surrounded her with more attributes than she may have actually possessed.

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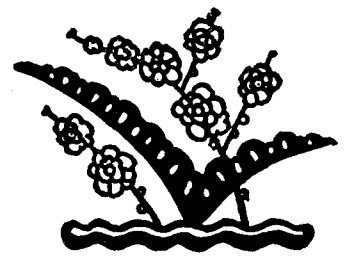

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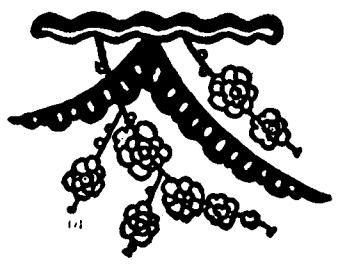

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Books of Special Interest

Letters of a Humanist

OPUS EPISTOLARUM ERASMI. Tom. VII. 1527-1528. Edited by P. S. ALLEN and H. M. ALLEN. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $9.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE K. FERGUSON.

JUST four hundred years ago, on April 13, 1529, Erasmus of Rotterdam left his home in Basle to seek a more quiet place of retirement, where he might spend his remaining years in peace. For Basle had fallen a prey to that "great tumult" that had divided Europe into opposing camps, so that men had ceased to be simply Christian and had become Catholic or Protestant. The old humanist had himself been the leader of a reforming movement in the days before Luther was heard of; but now the forces of reform in Germany were enlisted under the leadership of the Wittenberger monk, and had been swept by his passionate dogmatism far beyond the wishes of the gentle Dutch scholar, and in a direction where he could not follow.

Neither Lutheran nor good orthodox Catholic, Erasmus was to find himself suspected by both parties, subject to attacks from either side. Nor did the calumny and misrepresentation that were his lot end even with his death, since through the centuries historians have reflected the image of the Christian humanist in the warped mirror of their own sectarian prejudice. Of late years, however, a less biased view has begun to prevail; and with the appreciation of Erasmus as an individual—an original thinker in his own right—there has come a new understanding of what he tried to do, and with it a great revival of interest in his character and in his contributions to the sum of human thought.

To this revival Mr. Allen has contributed in no small degree. His exceedingly careful and comprehensive edition of the correspondence—begun twenty-three years ago with the publication of the first volume, and still not completed—has made possible a thorough revision of Erasmian scholarship. Mr. Allen himself develops no theory of interpretation, but by virtue of his meticulous verification of every detail and his illuminating notes on all subjects touched upon in the letters he has been of incalculable service to the biographer or historian of the period. Many of the letters are published here for the first time. The great majority, of course, were to be found in earlier collections, but are presented in this edition in a much more accurate and available form than ever before. The numerous corrections in the dating of the letters give a new significance to many of them and add greatly to the value of the correspondence as a historical source. No review of Mr. Allen's work would be complete without some reference to the personal interest he has taken in the labors of others in his chosen field in all parts of the world, and to the unfailing kindness and courtesy with which he replies alike to contributions or requests for assistance. In all parts of his arduous task he has been fortunate in the collaboration of his wife, whose name is associated with that of her husband on the title pages of the last five volumes.

The seven volumes of the *Epistolæ* already published furnish a vivid running commentary on the intellectual life of Europe in the age of humanism and reform. The subject matter ranges over a wide field in keeping with the amazing variety of Erasmus's correspondents. Friendly letters of purely personal import are to be found side by side with more formal epistles to or from the greatest religious, political, and intellectual leaders of the time. Private affairs and subjects of international interest are mingled in what might prove an almost inextricable confusion were it not for the editor's ever-helpful annotations. And through it all, as the connecting thread that gives continuity to the whole, runs the life story of the great humanist.

The seventh volume, which is the occasion of this review, is concerned with the two years preceding the departure of Erasmus from Basle. It is a rather tragic volume, for it deals with a period of disillusion and disappointment. The "Lutheran tragedy" casts its shadow over almost every letter. In these years Erasmus is still the prince of the humanists, but a prince whose realm is crumbling, and who finds himself surrounded by powerful enemies. Fear for his own safety but served to intensify his despair over the failure of his hopes for a rational, undogmatic, and peaceful reform within the Church.

Bonæ litteræ and *philosophia Christi*, the two causes to which he had devoted all the energy of his mature years, seemed doomed to destruction in the fires of sectarian passion. Such a reform as he had planned could not thrive in an atmosphere of dogmatism and party hatred. To his old friend Pirkheimer he wrote: "On all sides I see the people aroused by that which my soul most vehemently abhors. Concord, charity, good faith, discipline, morals, manners, all are perishing. What remains?" Again to the same friend he deplores the effect of the reform on humanism: "Wherever Lutheranism reigns there is the destruction of learning (*ibi litteratum est interitus.*") Above all he regretted the schism in the Church that guaranteed the continuance of the struggle. Through all the letters there runs a Cassandra-like note of pessimism: the worst is not yet. To Duke George of Saxony he wrote that, unless the leaders did something to restore the peace, the situation would inevitably go from bad to worse. But Erasmus had never put great faith in princes, whether secular or ecclesiastical, and he had little hope.

Meanwhile Luther was replying with his usual violence to the "Diatribe on the Free Will"; Eppendorf and others of the Lutheran party were denouncing Erasmus as a renegade to reform; while in Spain and in the Sorbonne the orthodox Catholic theologians were examining his works for signs of Lutheran heresy. *Malitiosi quidam nunquam placabunter.*

The Roman Catholic Church

HOW THE REFORMATION HAPPENED. By HILAIRE BELLOC. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by CURTIS S. WALKER
Vanderbilt University

THE author of this work is filled with a great regret, a regret that the Reformation ever happened. Furthermore, as a Catholic, and captured by the grandeur inherent in the conception of the Church universal, he cannot understand why Europe should ever have abandoned so beautiful a thing, a thing so inherently a part of itself, of its culture. None of the explanations of this great abandonment offered by Protestant and anti-clerical writers are adequate or can be adequate, he feels, because they do not understand what the Roman Catholic Church is or was. He, therefore, sets out, in a spare moment, to settle the matter out of hand.

But Mr. Belloc suffers from a handicap similar to that alleged against the Protestant writers,—he does not understand the thing he is writing about; he does not understand Protestantism. For him it is a wholly negative thing: it is not a grand spiritual or even intellectual movement growing out of Renascence individualism; it is, on the contrary, only a hatred of the Faith." "The force it was which drove the rest. . . ." As for the economic and political causes of the revolt, these are in the large part hidden from him.

Since he cannot see any positive or constructive forces at work, Mr. Belloc's effort to explain how the Reformation happened is a confused and kaleidoscopic affair. The process which produced the Reformation "was not the positive growth of new doctrine, but the weakening of moral authority in the temporal and spiritual organization of the Church." Luther is hardly discernible in the picture: he is not a leader, only a symbol, an expression of forces. Calvin is the creator of Protestantism and inculcator of the doctrine that it is man's chief duty to become rich. The desire for loot looms large: "the hidden driving power of it (the Reformation) lay in the avarice of Princes and other great men." The Reformation was a great tragedy and due to a series of unfortunate breaks. Chief among these was the Mohammedan pressure, the significance of which is half-ignored by modern historians. The Reformation in England is labeled "The English Accident" whose success made certain Protestantism's triumph on the Continent.

The book, then, is a disappointment. One expects from Mr. Belloc at least entertainment and suggestiveness; but these are here both lacking. Only the characteristic vigor is present. There is a grand but unsuccessful effort at clarification and simplification; but the subject is too complex to be mastered by a superficial effort. The book may possibly give pleasure to some few Catholic laymen, but it will arouse little enthusiasm in any Catholic scholar. If any interest attaches to the book, it is to be found in noting how a man of Mr. Belloc's position and attainments deals with such a subject as the Reformation.

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Foreign Literature

The Violation of Hungary

UNGARNS VERGEWALTIGUNG (Oberungarn unter Tschechischer Herrschaft). Von LAJOS STEIER. Wien: Amalthea-Verlag. 1929.

Reviewed by ROBERT DUNLOP

THIS book, like that of Reut-Nicolussi's "South Tyrol under the Axe," which we recently reviewed in these columns, furnishes an interesting, if depressing, commentary on the way in which the new States, called into existence by the Treaties of St. Germain and Trianon, are treating the minorities entrusted to their care. In the case of Italy it was chiefly with the fate of 250,000 Tyrolese, whom Mussolini is trying by fair means and foul to convert into Italians, that we were concerned. Here we have to do with about a million Hungarians, who, without being allowed the right of self-determination, which formed the backbone of Wilson's programme, have been handed over like a herd of cattle to the tender mercies of the Czecho-Slovaks, and we must say that they have been treated little better than cattle.

Hundreds of them have been forcibly driven out of house and home and expelled from the country; hundreds of them have been imprisoned on no other ground than suspicion; hundreds of them have been deprived of the means of existence. Their schools have been closed. They have been robbed of their municipal buildings. Their estates have been confiscated. Their monuments, including some of the most famous works of art by Hungarian sculptors, have been destroyed. They are not allowed to sing their native songs or to wear their national costumes. And why? Simply because the Czechs hate them and would be glad to root them out with fire and sword.

Fortunately for them, the Czechs, in the arrogant assertion of their own superiority, have given well-grounded offence to the Slovaks, with the result that Slovaks and Hungarians are drawing together in an effort to throw off the Czech yoke. Hence the frequent trials for espionage that we read of in the papers. Hence, too, the growing movement in favor of political autonomy among the Slovaks, which is slowly but surely undermining the unity of the State. Probably no one deplores the situation more sincerely than does President Masaryk, but, if we are to believe Dr. Steier, Masaryk has long since forfeited his claim to be regarded as the apostle of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and has become little better than a marionette in the hands of the Czech imperialists.

No one is more alive to the danger of the situation than Dr. Benes. Hence his frantic efforts to prop up the shaky building with a Little Entente. But with Mussolini fanning the flame of Hungarian discontent and steadily drawing his cordon tighter day by day round Jugo-Slavia, the members of the Little Entente will probably have sufficient to do to look after themselves.

With Lord Rothermere and the author of this book we entirely agree that the only line of safety lies in a revision of the Treaty of Trianon. But how this is to be accomplished it is not easy to say. Slovakia, which with Ruthenia belongs geographically, owing to the conformation of the Carpathians, to Hungary, should never have been united to Bohemia and Moravia, and probably never would have been but for two reasons, viz.: (1) Because, as every third man in Bohemia and Moravia is a German, the Czechs, in order to maintain their position as the dominant nationality, were obliged to annex Slovakia; and (2) because, in order to accomplish this object, they deliberately misled public opinion in England and America as to the real wishes of the Slovaks. In this connection it is amusing to read how a meeting of a handful of dissatisfied workmen, who, with the consent of the Hungarian government, came together on May Day, 1918, in a public house at Liptószentmiklós to protest against a continuance of the war and to assert their right to self-determination and an eight-hour labor day, was described in the English and American papers as an imposing manifestation, in which several thousand Slovaks took part despite the obstacles put in their way by the Hungarian government and its police spies, in favor of a union with the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia. But our amusement turns to indignation when we learn how this famous manifesto was used to throw dust in Wilson's eyes.

The fact is that in annexing Slovakia the Czechs bit off more than they have been able to chew. As Masaryk is reluctantly compelled to admit, the making of a State is not such an easy business as he and his friends supposed. The pity is that they did not leave well enough alone. With its six or seven different nationalities, Czecho-Slovakia is merely a bad copy of the old Empire. It is confronted with the same problems and is as much a danger to the peace of Europe as ever Austria-Hungary was.

Before the Matterhorn

SOUS LES PINS AROLES. By HENRI BORDEAUX. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1929.

Il distribue de la force et de l'energie. Il secoue la paresse et fait honte au sommeil. Dressé et droit comme un héros, il attire et envoûte. Le regard ne se lasse pas de le heurter et le regard est l'avant-coureur du desir.

Has the weird spell of an isolated Alpine peak ever been expressed more simply and more suggestively? How could the two young people who had met in sight of that beckoning, luring giant escape its magic? He, a young French engineer, attracted by those solitudes of rock and ice which are of no other service to man than to cultivate his love of nature in a spirit of ambition tempered by humility; she, an English girl, filled with the desire of conquest, "eager to put her foot on the enticing summit." A perilous ascent made by two enthusiastic young climbers with only two guides creates an unusual intimacy.

So simple is this beginning of Henri Bordeaux's latest novel, that one would barely anticipate the complications that follow, were it not for the allusions of Georges Morgon to the overwhelming personality of his father. Philippe Morgon is a man in the fifties, a widower, whose interest and life's work is to span the oceans of the world to create new markets for the products of France. A very different character from Georges, who has inherited the imaginative and emotional nature of the mother he has lost. Father and son become rivals for the hand of the girl—a conflict not too often exploited in fiction.

The character of Helen Arden may stand for a type of modern young woman, for which the Latin races have little sympathy; and M. Bordeaux has made no effort to soften his somewhat hard outlines of her coldly reasoning and yet impulsive nature. But the characters of the Morgons, father and son, are revealed by him with admirable insight into their profoundly disturbed souls, and the dramatic climax of the final chapter is convincing.

"Sous les Pins Aroles" shows the consummate art of M. Bordeaux at its best. Alpinists will hail it as a poetical supplement to their dreary guide-books.

Twenty-six members of an English Club have collaborated in writing a novel. One member wrote the first two chapters, another the last three, and twenty-four persons one chapter each. It is called "A Chiltern Complication," and only two copies exist.

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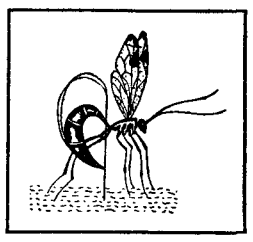

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 58. "What song the sirens sang," said Sir Thomas Browne, "is a matter not altogether beyond conjecture." A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best conjectured song or fragment of the song not exceeding 24 lines. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of May 6th.)

Competition No. 59. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing and instructive Literary Alphabet for College Freshmen. Not more than four lines should be devoted to any one author or letter of the alphabet. The whole should be written in rhymed verse corresponding more or less to the type of "A was an archer who shot at a frog, B was a butcher who had a big dog." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of May 20th.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

Mr. Davison hopes, this summer, to compile for publication in volume form an anthology of the outstanding pieces that have appeared on this page since its inception. Will prize-winners and others whose entries have been printed here during the past two years please be so kind as to mail him their present addresses? The records of the Wits' Weekly are unavoidably incomplete and, no doubt, out of date. Typewritten copies of prize poems, etc., comments, and suggestions will be gratefully received.

THE FIFTY-SIXTH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the most convincing rendering of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam as it might have been translated by Mr. Carl Sandburg.

THE results of this competition cannot be articulately reviewed in this space so I shall not attempt to cover them at all. The outstanding entries were by Clifton Blake, Robert E. Wade, Homer Parsons, Phoebe Scribble, Gladys Guildford Scott, Esther Winson, and Arthur L. Campbell. I confess myself completely baffled in all attempts to decide between them. One and all captured something of Mr. Sandburg's manner. But I am not so sure that they simultaneously caught the tones of his voice and even a patient rereading of "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" has furnished no desiderata delicate enough to guide my choice. The prize is therefore divided between the authors of the following composite versions of Omar.

THE PRIZE COMPOSITE TRANSLATION

Get up!
We haven't got all day to wait, I tell you,
Let's get started, let's get organized, let's go!

Young men with the bright eyes and the hard hands,
Young women with the tender eyes and the red lips,
Listen, listen carefully to the alarm clocks in your blood.
It never was blood's business to be quiet.
Life: can it be lived by senatorial time?
Ask Cleopatra,
Ask Cæsar.
Did they preserve the leaves of their lives' calendar,
Turning old memoranda to the wall?
Or did they tear them off?

3.

Take this hombre now, this playground of germs, doubts, cooties, urges, and bunk, this something or other about half made; and he might put it this way to whatever God is: If I am a hunk of mud who are you but a thumper of mud — and can't you be a bit more easy-handed?

4.

Pinka panka, pinkety panka.
Jiggle your feet and gulp down your liquid lightning.
Death has got your number.
Cæsar is a windbreak, if he hasn't been sucked up the root of a rosebush;
Zal and Rustum have gone to thunder, and Bahram sleeps in a house six feet long.
Sooner or later they all go for a ride —and it strikes me as funny that they never have a round trip ticket.
All they did is nothing now but a lot of pinkety panks.

5.

It's all in the savvy of the Chaldeans who cares?
Make your whoopee today — dead men's shoes need no half-soles.
Tomorrow's on the calendar? So's the moon,
But you can't reach it—cheese, you flat-head—green cheese!
And you'd get varicose veins making the incline.

6.

Baby, you can't slow down God's jazz short-hand;
The copy stays put—there's no kidding old Snow-Jowls.
Sure, you can ease up life by paying on the installment plan.
Heads up—don't bawl—yes, you're independent—
So's a hog on ice!

7.

When the Salvation Army skirt put soup in your belly you snivelled "Pray for me."
Go tell her . . . you didn't mean a damned word of it.
There's music in your red-valved heart
Today's a goner.
Tomorrow you'll have potatoes and gravy.
Tomorrow's a day.
. . . . hard was the life of Abraham Lincoln,
. . . . hard was the life of Eugene V. Debs.
. . . . hard is the life of every galoot.
And its two to one we all go bugs.

The authors of the numbered sections are as follows: 1—G. G. Scott; 2—Clifton Blake; 3—Phoebe Scribble; 4—Homer Parsons; 5 and 6—H. J. Bowman; 7—Arthur L. Campbell. Three dollars will be sent to Mr. Bowman and two to each of the others. It has been impossible to do justice to their various typographical arrangements. Phoebe Scribble should furnish her real name and address.

I have been asked to reveal the authors of the pseudonymous "Still Life" poems. *Orange* was Clyde Robertson, *Peach* was Phoebe Scribble, *Nectarine* was Clinton Scollard, *Cherry*, Anna Hawks Putnam, and *Grape*, Claudius Jones. We print a poem held over from the same competition.

PARADISE LOST

No souls reborn diviner dwelt,
Such blissful hope was ours,
When I was wooing the girl I wed,
And saying it with flowers.

No perfect heaven can be the meed
Of him who luckless misses
That transcendental, luscious joy
Of saying it with kisses.

But beatific ecstasies.
Have fallen with a crash;
And on this unrelenting earth
I'm saying it with cash.

JOHN A. L. ODDE.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN SCULPTURE. California Palace of the Legion of Honor.

ART AND EDUCATION. By a *Group of Authors*. Barnes Foundation.

Belles Lettres

ART AND CIVILIZATION. Edited by *F. S. Marion* and *A. F. Clutton-Brock*. Oxford. $4.75.

CREATIVE WRITING. By *William Wekter Ellsworth*. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.

COLLECTED ESSAYS. By *W. H. Hadow*. Oxford University Press.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FELLOW DRAMATISTS. Edited by *E. H. C. Oliphant*. Prentice-Hall. 2 vols. $4 each.

IMPERISHABLE DREAMS. By *Lynn Harold Hough*. Abingdon. $1.75.

ALEXANDER POPE AS CRITIC AND HUMANIST. By *Austin Warren*. Princeton University Press.

CONTEMPORARY ESSAYS. Edited by *Odell Shepard*. Scribners. $1.

LABELS AND LIBELS. By *Dean Inge*. Harpers. $2.

Biography

THE DIARY OF DOSTOIEVSKY'S WIFE. Edited by RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER and DR. F. R. ECKSTEIN. Translated from the German by MADGE PEMBERTON. Macmillan. 1928. $7.

Madame Dostoievsky's diary covers the period from April 14, 1867, when she and her husband left St. Petersburg for a tour abroad, to August 13 of that year, when they were in Geneva. They stayed from May to June in Dresden and from June to August in Baden-Baden, the trip being a sort of wedding journey, for they had but recently contracted their marriage—the second for Dostoievsky. Originally written in shorthand, as a record for her mother, Madame Dostoievsky's notes of the honeymoon were transcribed almost thirty years later. Enough of their freshness remains to make fascinating reading.

Through the diary stalks Dostoievsky, now raging, now kissing, no hero, but mere husband to his wife. Only once does she mention his work. On the whole she is occupied with the price of tea, and cheese, and dinner, with the "stupidity and dishonesty of the Germans," and with "Fiodor" as a companion.

A very prosaic and practical young person she was, this twenty-year-old wife of the author of "Crime and Punishment," but she had intelligence and she had mettle. In the fourteen years of their marriage she grew to take her place by her husband's side as helpmate in the true sense of the word, and his last years were softened by her loving kindness and practical helpfulness. In this chronicle of the first few months of their relationship is foreshadowed the development of the plastic young girl under the influence of her husband into the strong woman.

The rôle of Dostoievsky's wife was not an easy one. She had to be patient with the extreme irritability which would take place after her husband had suffered an epileptic fit, and she had to bear with a veritable fever of gambling, which took hold of him for ten years. He was in such need of money that it seemed to him that only in roulette could he see his way out. He lost his last penny and hers, he pawned his watch and overcoat, he pawned her earrings and brooch and scarf, he called himself miserable and wretched, he fell at her feet and begged for forgiveness, and then took her last penny again. And she had, in addition, to bear with the discovery of a lively correspondence with the one love of his life, Pauline Souslova, yet through it all she behaved with dignity and love. After fifty years of struggle and difficulties she could write, "Lord! why hast Thou given me such a happy life? Lord, how shall I thank Thee for it?"

Drama

STAGE LIGHTING. By THEODORE FUCHS. Little, Brown. 1928. $10.

Adolph Appia was the first of the modern stage designers to interpret in terms of light changing mood values in theatrical performance. Today subtle and atmospheric lighting is expected in all of our better theatrical productions. For over three decades, since Appia's innovations, lighting experts abroad and in this country have been perfecting, not only the lighting instruments themselves, but also a more facile control of these instruments, and at the same time increasing their flexibility to meet the growing demands of designers and producers. Until this book, "Stage Lighting," by Theodore Fuchs, appeared, little of genuine significance or value had been written on this important element in theatrical productions today. The book is designed to fill a dual rôle—to serve the designer and technician in the theater. "The more technical the artist, and the more artistic the technician, the more reasonable will be the demands of the former and the more satisfactory will be the execution of the latter."

"Stage Lighting" should serve as a text book in all schools of the theatre, and as a handbook for every technician in the amateur and professional theatre. Mr. Fuchs, unlike many who write of and for the amateur in the theatre, never questions his reader's capacity to comprehend a clear-cut scientific definition when his material demands it. Consequently there remains no mystery, for instance, at the outset as to the identity of a watt, a volt, or an ampere, and where words might not always clarify, the author relies on copious, well-drawn illustrations. The material is arranged in a convenient, natural order, and well augmented with original lists and bibliographies. Such objects as electricity, light, color, equipment, and control are analyzed vividly

(*Continued on next page*)

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UNDERSTANDING WOMEN

A letter to the Publisher, from the former editor of "Life"

Dear Mr. Holt:

I congratulate you on the publication of UNDERSTANDING WOMEN, by Dr. Wieth-Knudsen. I am reading it with the most intense interest and pleasure. It is by far the best book on woman published since Schopenhauer, and he did not get her. I have read most of the literature on this subject, I have two daughters of my own and have been surrounded by and have studied women all my life. This book is very keen. It has humor of the right sort. It is splendidly translated, a book of very clear intelligence. These Norwegians have it over on us in so many ways. It is a great book.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS L. MASSON
(Signed)

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The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and with authoritative conviction—"which makes the nature of the volume essentially that of a hand book—a practical manual of application"—all of which is exactly what those who work in the theatre need most.

THE MISANTHROPE OF MOLIÈRE. Translated by WILLIAM F. GIESE. Houghton Mifflin. 1928.

IT may fairly be doubted whether Professor Giese has translated "Le Misanthrope," but at least he has succeeded in bridging the abyss which separates lovers of Shakespeare and lovers of Molière. By adding a dash of Elizabethan fancy to Gallic reason he has given English readers the opportunity to enjoy thoroughly a play which has always seemed lifeless in our language. When he pleases, he can render Molière's lines in spirited Queen Anne style, a trifle more scintillating than the original. Here, for example, is Célimène's reply to Alceste, who has discovered complete evidence of her double dealing:

What means this rhapsody on tides and treason?
Good sir—I half suspect you've lost your reason.

Molière wrote:

D'où vient donc, je vous prie, un tel emportement?
Avez-vous, dites-moi, perdu le jugement?

At times, without warning, Professor Giese takes flight on Elizabethan wings. It is something of a surprise to hear Philinte, who in the original is good sense incarnate, blossom out in lines like these:

Her nature's gentle, and slow moving time
Has smoothed it to perfection. What sweet rhyme
Could rhyme her sweetness, or what tongue recite
That patient love that would outwatch the night
And sing the stars to sleep. . . .

Of this, of course, there is no suggestion in Molière. Even in the prose letters of the last act, a similar tendency appears: "Notre grand flandrin de vicomte, par qui vous commencez vos plaintes . . ." is rendered, "As for our lubberly viscount, whom you make the head and front of my offending. . . ." But enough! It would be churlish indeed to berate a maker or remaker through whose skill a masterpiece has become a source of delight to new readers. Doubtless, in the Elysian Fields, Molière and Shakespeare are congratulating each other on this fusion of their muses.

AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS OF TODAY. By *Burns Mantle*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC. By *Edmond Rostand*. Done into English Verse by *Brian Hooker*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

FANTASIO. By *Alfred de Musset*. Translated by *Maurice Baring*. Pleiad.

Education

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD. By PAUL HANLY FURFEY. Macmillan. 1929. $2.25.

The purpose of this book as set forth in the preface is "to give an account of the community's attack on the social problems of childhood." It's purpose has been adequately and accurately fulfilled, without partisanship. The author reviews critically the scientifically developed methods of meeting problems which have arisen as the result of our shifting civilization for the preschool child, for the older child at home, in the schools, at work, or at play, and for delinquent, defective, and dependent children. The book will undoubtedly be useful not only as a textbook for students interested in children from the sociological aspect (to whom the bibliographies should be of special interest) but also to community officers who are interested in reviewing local facilities for meeting children's social problems.

SELECTIONS FROM ALEXANDER POPE. Edited by *George Sherburn*. Nelson.

AN OUTLINE OF WORLD LITERATURE. By *Edgar C. Knowlton*. Nelson.

GATEWAY TO ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Benjamin A. Heydrich*. Noble & Noble. $1.35.

Fiction

THE LADDER OF FOLLY. By MURIEL HINE. Appleton. 1929. $2.

The gracefully written story of a young English girl's transition, by experiences both happy and disillusioning, from immaturity to a full consciousness of life, this novel is one of the few by Miss Hine which approaches distinction. Its demure heroine, Ann Massingby, gently-born daughter of a British India official, had been carefully reared in England, apart from her parents, by two elderly aunts. When still profoundly ignorant of the world, she goes to London under the chaperonage of a dissolute cousin, and there, after a hectic season spent with a fast young set, is saved from the smirch of scandal by her older relatives' intervention. Though all this while in love with an American college professor, Ann's affections vacillate to an Armenian adventurer whom she trusts implicitly. But this smooth blackguard entices her into a compromising situation, nearly contrives her forcible seduction, brutally robs her, and causes the girl a prolonged illness which is nearly fatal. A seriously conceived, admirably executed, and restrained novel, it is one which should prove particularly attractive to feminine readers.

THE DEVIL BEATS HIS WIFE. By BEN WASSON. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $2.

This first novel by Mr. Wasson, a story of the South, is not successful. The trouble is not hard to find, for as we read we are conscious that the material is thin, the characterization superficial, the flow of the story a mere trickle. So many effective novels of the South have been written recently that we sense the weakness of "The Devil Beats His Wife" all the more acutely. Mr. Wasson usually concerns himself with conventional material, and when he is a trifle original he is uninteresting. The narrative tells of a Southern woman who commits adultery with a passing Yankee; the old negro servant, Aunt Ann, is disgusted at the fact that the adultery was with a Yankee, not at the fact of the adultery itself. This Aunt Ann is the central character of the novel; we feel that the portrait of her is that of almost any conventional family servant. Mr. Wasson has not written here anything that will either interest or satisfy an intelligent modern reader.

KIF: AN UNVARNISHED HISTORY. By GORDON DAVIOT. Appleton. 1929. $2.50.

When Archibald Vicar (Kif to his friends) returned to civil life after four years in the army he was not yet twenty. His enlistment in December of 1914 was not due to patriotic fervor, but to a boyish revolt against the unutterable tedium of a farm hand's life whose only high lights were rare trips to the neighboring market town on errands for the farmer's wife and the devouring of threepenny "thrillers." An orphan, never having experienced the humanizing influences or the discipline of family life, meagerly educated, and thrown into close association with men of every conceivable background in early adolescence—here is material for a soul analysis, and for tragedy.

London first cast its spell on the boy who had never, before his first leave, seen a city. A trip to Kempton Park with a brother in arms and Kif discovered that horse racing gave him a thrill beyond all others. He placed money with a countryman's shrewdness and knowledge of horseflesh on a long shot, and won. Paradoxically enough, Kif's contact with women in the army was limited to a charming, idealistic episode in France. It was only afterward in the prosaic world of affairs that he stumbled. Though in the Army he had never risen above the grade of private, after demobilization with his hundred pounds gratuity he was able to purchase a partnership in a bookmaking establishment, indulge his love of the races to the full, and enjoy several months of affluence. When the inevitable crooked partner absconded Kif was left penniless.

To call this a picaresque novel, though its hero lapses into crime and the record of his criminal operations fills the latter half of the book, would be to strain the term. The author manages to convey the essential fineness of a very young man ruined by circumstances. The 353 pages might with advantage have been considerably compressed.

SURRENDER. By J. C. SNAITH. Appleton. 1928. $2.

Young Dorland and a wandering Englishman whom we know only as "Jimsmitt," desert one dark night from *la légion étrangère* in Sidi-bel-Abbès, beat their way across the Sahara to Cairo, and finally drag back to England on a freighter. But the battle is then only half won. The two men had grown into a strange dependence on each other that was far from comfortable in England, no matter how useful it had been

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in the desert. Mr. Snaith keeps "Surrender" running along briskly, but perhaps he is a little too ambitious. After all, the material in this novel would do for two or three full melodramatic novels if it were used fully and carefully. The penalty paid here for prodigality is superficiality. Mr. Snaith writes with an eye for color and speed, rather than for depth or subtlety.

A TINY SEED OF LOVE. By SARAH SALT. Payson & Clarke. 1929. $2.50.

The eight short stories which introduce to us the talents of Sarah Salt are in a single key. That key is a minor—shadowed, inconclusive, doleful. Miss Salt's title is excellent, for almost all her stories deal with frustrated love or with stifled desire. No one of her characters ever gets beyond the threshold of his love affairs; the stories are a dismal succession of seductions, desertions, heartrending doubts, and tearing disappointments. There is not a happy person in the eight stories; something (a sad variety of disorders) is radically wrong with every life. Each major character strives blindly towards a decent, normal love, but for Miss Salt that decent, normal love is (by evidence of this volume) inconceivable. These stories are in an English setting, but the poor, feeble specimens of humanity with which Miss Salt concerns herself might just as well haunt the cheap cafés, the stages, the sidewalks of Paris or Chicago.

All this gloom would be silly—it is even now monotonous—if Miss Salt were not definitely talented. She writes with natural skill; we sense her restraint, careful shadings, regard for form. She is deficient in observation of externals, but she sees far into the recesses of character. It is easy to say that she is like Katherine Mansfield, for she has a not dissimilar short-story technique; but Katherine Mansfield was a far better observer of life. Miss Salt evidently feels that life is bound to make fools of most of us. We suspect her judgment, but we admire her chronicles of defeated seekers after love. In itself, this volume is not really important, but it may well be the prelude to further and far more distinguished writing.

MIASMA. By ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING. Dutton. 1929. $2.

This is not the "grewsome mystery" that its jacket twice proclaims it. It is a rather thin and conventional affair, apparently written in a hurry. Alexander Dennison, a prissy young physician, is engaged as assistant by a Doctor Leatherby. Young Dennison soon begins to suspect that things are not what they should be in the Leatherby establishment. There are more or less sinister undercurrents or something between various members of the Leatherby household and clientèle. Things get worse and worse until they lead to assaults on the person of young Dennison, and finally to a murder and its solution. None of it is either very convincing or very exciting. The chief mystery is unexplained: how young Dennison could have made fifty dollars cover the purchase of "two pairs of shoes, one of them patent-leather; four shirts, a dinner jacket and trousers, and a dress shirt, six pairs of sox, and a new hat."

THE LINDEN WALK TRAGEDY. By FOXHALL DAINGERFIELD. Appleton. 1929. $2.

Mr. Daingerfield has done much better work than this rather clumsily managed account of murders in a quiet street. The story is told by the very refined and sentimental young policeman who serves as its hero. Walking his beat at night, he hears clearly and distinctly two shots fired from a .32 calibre pistol, indoors, a block and a half away. He runs down there, going the long way around for sentimental reasons, and discovers that Miss Foster, the most hated woman in the neighborhood, has been murdered. Her maid is murdered a day or two later. For sentimental reasons the young policeman holds back some of the evidence that he now and then stumbles over. At times things look pretty black for "the angel" who lives in the corner house.

HOOCH. By CHARLES FRANCIS COE. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

This book, like all Mr. Coes's thus far, promises from moment to moment to become an authentic picture of law-breaking as a business in the present-day United States, but never keeps the promise. The result is annoyingly neither one thing nor another. It is too trite and too formless to be good fiction, too stiff and too general and too thoroughly bowdlerized to be good reporting. It is as if it had been rewritten without imagination or insight from news-

(*Continued on next page*)

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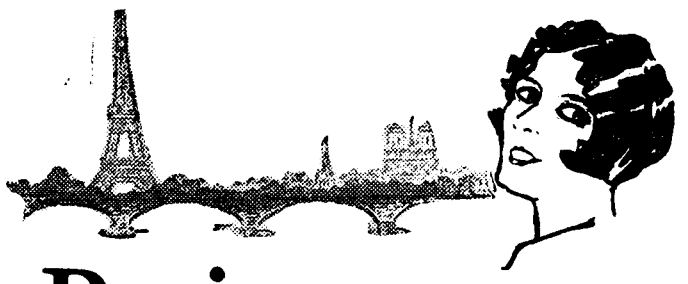

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

paper clippings. Paddy Flenger, police lieutenant in a large city when Prohibition arrives, goes into bootlegging with an alderman who is a power in city politics. Paddy is promoted to a captaincy in the distillery quarter of town so their racket may have ample protection. They prosper, and fight among themselves, and are presently exterminated by competitors. They were lucky to have lasted half as long as they did: never were crooked police officials and politicians so ignorant of the ways of the crooked, and never was a large-scale illegal enterprise conducted along such simple, trusting lines.

GOLD DUST. By *Edward Holstius*. Duffield. $2.

GODS AND MEN. By *W. J. Perry*. Morrow. $1.

THE MIDDLEMAN. By *Jessie Rainsford Sprague*. Morrow. $2.

ME AN' SHORTY. By *Clarence E. Mulford*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER THING. By *Reginald I. Townsend*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE MOON IS MADE OF GREEN CHEESE. By *Sarah Comstock*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE BASES OF MODERN SCIENCE. By *J. W. N. Sullivan*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

BLUE EYES AND GRAY. By the *Baroness Orczy*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THURMAN LUCAS. By *Harlan Eugene Read*. Macmillan. $2.

THE THREE COURIERS. By *Compton Mackenzie*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THE WEB OF MURDER. By *Austin J. Small*. Crime Club. $2.

MINSTRELS IN SATIN. By *Elisabeth Cobb Chapman*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

ADAM'S OPERA. By *Clemence Dane* and *Richard Addinsell*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

STUMBLING. By *Dave E. Smalley*. Barse. $2.

THE WOOD CARVER OF 'LYMPUS. By *Mary E. Waller*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

WINGS OF DESTINY. By *George Weston*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

STONE DAUGHERTY. By *John P. Fort*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

SANTI. By *R. A. Baldwin*. Boston: Meador.

THE GUN SIGHT MINE. By *A. M. Fleming*. Boston: Meador.

THE PALGRAVE MUMMY. By *F. M. Pettee*. Payson & Clarke. $2.

GOLDEN TALES OF OUR AMERICA. Selected by *May Lamberton Becker*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

ALL THE BRAVE RIFLES. By *Clarke Venable*. Reilly & Lee. $2.

THE DEATH OF THE GODS. By *Dmitri Merejkowski*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

THE GAMBLER. By *Aylwin Martin*. Crowell. $2.

HARD RIDING SLIM MAGEE. By *Clem Yore*. Macaulay. $2.

THE LITTLE FRIEND. By *Bruce Marshall*. Macaulay. $2.

WHEN LOVE COMES TO WOMAN. By *Leah Morton*. Sears. $2.50.

TIMES SQUARE. By *Cornell Woolrich*. Liveright. $2.

THE FLAGRANT YEARS. By *Samuel Hopkins Adams*. Liveright. $2.

DIANA. By *Heinrich Mann*. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

PENNY DREADFULL. By *Malcolm Ross*. Coward-McCann. $2.

FATHER WILLIAM. By *Donald Ogden Stewart*. Harpers. $2.

MAD FINGERS. By *Hildegarde Huntsman*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

PATRICIA LACKED A LOVER. By *John North*. Duffield. $2.

THE STOKE SILVER CASE. By *Lynn Brock*. Harpers. $2.

BELINDA. By *Hilaire Belloc*. Harpers. $2.50.

FATHER WILLIAM. By *Donald Ogden Stewart*. Harpers. $2.

MARIE BONIFAS. By *Jacques de Lacretelle*. Putnam.

SCRAPPED. By *Meta Schoepp* and *Louise Taussig*. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

MIMI BLUETTE. By *Guido da Verona*. Dutton. $2.50.

DEATH ON SCURVY STREET. By *Ben Ames Williams*. Dutton. $2.

DR. ARTZ. By *Robert Hichens*. Cosmopolitan. $2.50.

UNHOLY VIRGINS. By *Edna Walker Malcoskey*. Century. $2.50.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week.*)

Miscellaneous

JUNGLE GODS. By CARL VON HOFFMAN. Holt. 1929. $3.50.

In spite of its sensational title, this turns out to be a sensible and entertaining collection of stories about the natives of Northern Rhodesia. Although at times Mr. Hoffman romanticizes Africa, finding all sorts of lurid mysteries in its "heart of darkness," he inclines generally to observation rather than to rhapsody. The great merit of his book is understanding of the native. Romancers see the negro as an inscrutable savage, his religion as weird, black magic; missionaries see only the "benighted heathen." Mr. Hoffman appreciates that the negro is a human being, and neither a black monster nor a lost soul. He understands the curious mixture of common sense (in many ways superior to the white man's) and slavish, unreasoning superstition that exists in the native mind.

"MY STARS!" BE YOUR OWN ASTROLOGER. By WALTER ROSE. Stokes. 1928. $1.50.

"My Stars!" One can hear the long-defeated ghost of John Partridge at last crowing over the long triumphant Jonathan Swift; for the most ancient of the secret sciences now "affords fascinating pastime for parties—or merely for the lone dinner guest," and Mr. Rose's volume "is a novel and clever Bridge prize," according to the jacket.

Indeed, what is more fascinating than a tactful yet profound searching of one's own character? We sometimes think that just such opportunities to discuss oneself make the real fortune of the fortune-tellers. Now one can do it by the ancient science, without any of the trouble of scanning the skies, or even consulting ephemerides and constructing complicated horoscopes. One need merely look oneself up in various tables of numbers, and then turn to the numbered passage.

To the unexpert sceptic, the results may seem like a psychological crazy-quilt; yet such is not really the case. For as no passage has precisely the same importance as any other, flat, absolute contradictions are impossible: there are only corrections and modifications and refinements. One does not take one's choice of apparent contradictions; one synthesizes them. If that prove too difficult, one should consult a professional astrologer. But, at the end, one is left content. One recognizes and admits the points that ring true; one welcomes and lingers over the flattering possibilities that are still latent. The residue is easily forgotten, or left to the future (for if it hasn't happened, it may yet), or synthesized out of existence. So the general result seems to square with reality, if one be not too fiercely critical.

And anybody can figure out his own character and fate, as all such hard words as sextile, node, and dragon's head are left out. In fact, the book is so ingeniously simple, that astrology seems much more obvious than it really is.

HOBNAILS AND HEATHER. By MAJOR CLIFTON LISLE. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $2.50.

Perhaps Sir Robert Baden-Powell laid the securest foundations for the true League of Nations when, twenty-one years ago, he brought the Boy Scouts into being. Today forty-two countries enjoy the benefits of this brotherhood. But the supplementary idea of tying the world together by international visits is a recent one, and to the fifteen Eagle Scouts of Troop I, Paoli, Pennsylvania, led by Scout Master Major Clifton Lisle, belongs the honor of the first group hike in the Old Country by American scouts.

"Hobnails and Heather" is the most fitting possible account of this event. From chapter one, telling of the raising of funds, the training, the voyage, the heart-warming reception by the Plymouth Scouts, the visit to the Commander of the Fleet, to the escape from the sea at Mont St. Michel, seventy-one days and seven hundred miles later, this book makes happy reading. To write so busy and compact a log required great skill; humor saved it, humor and a sincerity which gives vividness. The reader becomes a boy, enjoying these laughs and tiffs and mishaps and meals—a tenth of the bulk seems to be sheer food. He becomes a walker; the observation compassed by those thirty-two eyes astounds. He becomes an historian, seeing a new England, and mining amazing data from local conversations. He is entertained by Sir Robert himself, and is later put up at the international focus of the Scouts in Epping Forest. The Canterbury pages are very fine, the French contacts very funny. The battlefields around Verdun, as exhibited by one who fought there, drive still deeper a realization of the Great Futility. One closes the book glad to have been along. Four times lucky were the fellows who actually went: once to go, again to be so competently taken, again to have a journal of it all so handsomely turned out, but chiefly to have inaugurated this joyous manner of spreading camaraderie between the nations.

RUSSIAN SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES IN THE WORLD WAR. By *Dimitry M. Odinetz* and *Paul J. Novgorotsev*. Yale University Press. $2.75.

SWALLOW BARN. By *John Pendleton Kennedy*. Edited by *Jay B. Hubbell*. Harcourt, Brace.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

E. B., Buffalo, Wyoming, jumps into the tomahtoes-tomaytoes discussion with the following:

TOMAHTOES was introduced into Wyoming by Sir John Reed in 1879. Sir John and Lady Reed were on a buffalo hunt and expected to get dinner at a road-ranch kept by a man called Bowman, where the present town of Buffalo now is. They were late for dinner and the cook drunk, so Bowman took them into the dining-room and after surveying the remains said, 'there are crackers and there are tomatoes, so help yourselves and . . .' Sir John in his anger said, 'I can't eat crackers and don't like tomahtoes' and Bowman who was getting riled up replied, 'I didn't say tomahtoes, I said tomatoes.' 'I don't care a dam what you said,' said Sir John and marched out hollering tomahtoes. He got on his horse and as he galloped down the road he leaned over to the open door of the roadranch shouting 'tomahtoes, tomahtoes.' Bowman ran out into the road and answered back with "tomatoes. I've a good mind to take a shot at you.' "

One chief regret of my career is that this comes too late for inclusion in the Ti-Tombac section of the Oxford Dictionary. No editor could resist so peerless an anecdote.

But *P. E. P., Norfolk, Va.,* paused in her reading of the GUIDE to send word posthaste begging me not to say that tomaytoes is U. S. and tomahtoes Eng., "for no one I know says tomaytoes and everyone I know says tomahtoes. I think this is true not only of my acquaintance in Virginia, but also in Louisiana and in other places in the South. Tho' once we were not U. S., we are now, so! As for the O. D., I suppose one can never persuade an Englishman nor many other foreigner that there is something more to the U. S. than what he encounters in travelling from New York due West."

THE duties of the inscription department are not yet at an end. *L. S., Washington, D. C., writes:* An inscription to be placed over the entrance to a graded country school soon to be built, is sought. It is hoped to find one not too erudite for country children ranging from six to fifteen and still one with wearing qualities and with growing significance as minds mature. The unpretentiousness of the building on which it will be placed has also to be kept in mind.

I shall be interested to see these come in. I like the idea of an inscription that will grow with the mind of the child; books should, and why not mottoes? Many of us remember when E Pluribus Unum suddenly dropped apart and became one out of many instead of a single whoop; it was in my case as interesting as the discovery, sometime about my seventh year, that *barleygrows* was not one word, and that it was preceded by three vegetables, instead of *oatspeasebeans.*

C. L., Burlington, Iowa, asks if there is a good biography of Sam Houston, and where he may find critics' impressions of the treatment of this romantic character in J. M. Oskison's biographical novel, "A Texas Titan."

THE new biography is "Sam Houston; Colossus in Buckskin," by George Creel (Cosmopolitan); it is romantic, heroic, and evidently sincere. An earlier work, widely read, is "Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas," by A. M. Williams (Houghton Mifflin). A smaller life, by S. B. Elliott, was published by Small, Maynard. I have not read the novel in question, but readers in search of reviews on some special book may most readily get on the track of them through the *Book Review Digest,* a periodical on file in any public library, listing the leading reviews of each book and giving brief extracts. Look up the author's name in the volume for the year in which the book appeared.

L. A. B., Newport, R. I., asks for a one-volume history of our country, well-tried and found authentic and readable, not a many-volumed work like McMasters's, but one to be supplementetd with such books as Bulter's lectures on "The Builders of the United States," and other works. R. W. S., Bend, Oregon, asks for a similar history, and also for one of the same sort for England.

AS for the American history, I must choose on my own authority, for whenever I ask someone high in esteem in these fields for the name of the best, the ideal, one-volume history of the United States for the general reader, he shakes his head and says it has not yet been written, that ideal book. John Spencer Bassett's "Short History of the United States" (Macmillian) is generally considered the most complete one-volume history for the mature reader; it goes from 1492 to 1920. H. W. Elson's "History of the United States of America" (Macmillan) is good; I have used it in my own work, and I have often consulted Samuel Forman's "Our Country" (Century), a reading history of unusual interest, which goes from Columbus to Harding. If the call had been for a survey or résumé by which to gather the threads of earlier reading, or to get a new slant on what one had learned, I would have suggested Beard's "Rise of American Civilization" (Macmillan), whose two large volumes need not keep anyone from start-

(*Continued on page 967*)

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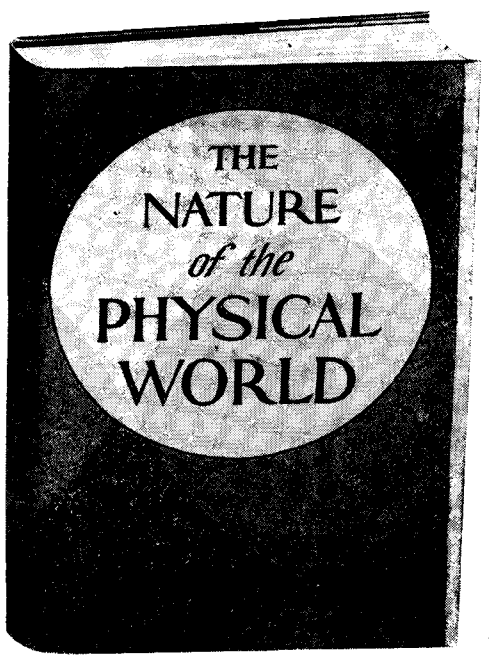

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The AMEN CORNER

Mr. Christopher Morley in his recent book about the Hoboken Experiment has quoted a French producer as writing his American playwright, "It was a fine play and all the critics praised it, but the public postponed coming." Unfortunate playwright? Unfortunate public! We shall never forgive ourself postponing until it was too late to see Eleanora Duse. And how it nettles us to think that we bought a stupid "best seller" which the $3.00 then necessary for the purchase of the Nonsuch edition of the "Book of Ruth"—that lovely book now unobtainable for little less than $100.00. A friend of ours knowing of the wealth of Johnsoniana at the Oxford Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, recently learned to his great sorrow that he had postponed too long his purchase of R. W. Chapman's admirable edition (and incidentally quite the best) of *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* now out of print, or "O.P.," as the publishers put it. O.P., it seems to us, stands for Optimist's Punishment. We unkindly told our friend so, and he forthwith purchased Mr. Chapman's newest contribution to Johnsoniana—*Johnson & Boswell Revised*[1]—and the type facsimile of *Proposals for Printing Bibliotheca Harleiana*,[2] having long since gathered to his private shelves *Rasselas*[3] *and Letters of Samuel Johnson*,[4] *Lives of the English Poets*[5] and *Johnsonian Miscellanies*.[6]

Two weeks ago the only complete edition of "the most charming book ever composed by a woman" (to quote the Manchester Guardian) went O.P. It was the *Letters of Dorothy Osborne*, limited to 1,000 copies for England and America. . . . It is our guess that the Merrymount Press edition of *Lady Louisa Stuart's Notes on George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*[7] very soon will be unobtainable except at a high premium. In our opinion it is one of the most beautiful books of the year. And an edition of 500 copies printed by Mr. Updike will not linger on public shelves. . . . It will be a point of interest with us to watch the collectors' demand for Miss Spurgeon's *Keats's Shakespeare*,[8] that fascinating analysis of Keats, when he annotated his copy of Shakespeare. . . The first, limited edition of *The Diary of David Garrick*[9] is so surprisingly cheap that only a few remain. It is well worth the perusal of the 18th century collector.

Those who have lingered in shops to caress the new Isham collection of "Private Papers of James Boswell From Malahide Castle" will find consolation in the forthcoming *Literary Career of James Boswell, Esq.*[10] by F. A. Pottle (if they immediately add their names to the waiting list!). A good friend of Boswell's was Henry Mackenzie, whose *Anecdotes and Egotisms*[11] is compact with a variety of stories, character sketches, 18th century gossip, quaint customs, humor, etc. We cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph (as ful of puns as this Corner is of collector's items).

> Lord Kelly, a determined punster, and his brother Andrew were drinking tea with James Boswell. Boswell put his cup to his head, 'Here's *t'ye*, my Lord.'—At that moment Lord Kelly coughed.—'You have got a *coughie*,' said his brother.—'Yes,' said Lord Kelly, 'I have been like to *choak o' late*.'

The Type-facsimile Reprints[12] include both 18th century and 17th century titles and are joys that all collectors can have. They bear the flavor of their famous originals and prevent the bankruptcy that threatens the over-ambitious. . . The J. B. Wharey edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*[13] is the first really authentic text of the two parts of the Progress. It is made up of the editions extant during Bunyan's lifetime, and it includes facsimile title pages and an exhaustive bibliographical analysis of those editions. . . . But to return to Johnson (and what bookman can help returning frequently to Johnson?), we got the first whisper yesterday of Mr. Adam's *Catalogue of Johnsoniana*. He is the Mr. R. B. Adam of Buffalo, of course, whose collection of Johnsoniana is supreme. The edition will be limited to 500, will consist of three volumes and will cost about $75.00. It is promised for September.

Those who like rare beauty of illustration combined with authoritative text will delight in Sir T. W. Arnold's *Painting in Islam*;[14] it contains a fine set of plates of rich color and intricate pattern. Sir Aurel Stein's *Innermost Asia*[15] is another prize for connoisseurs of art as well as students of oriental history. And the *Catalogue of Dutch Pictures*[16] to be published in September is a veritable feast for art collectors.

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An Ideal Bibliography

TROLLOPE: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. An Analysis of the History and Structure of the Works of Anthony Trollope. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. London: Constable. 1928.

EVER since the appearance, several years ago, of his "Excursions in Victorian Bibliography," in which, for presumably the first time, the modern age met with a list of all the works of Anthony Trollope, Mr. Michael Sadleir has seemed the one person sufficiently gifted with sympathy and understanding to undertake the labor of a full-length, annotated bibliography of this particular author. Until about 1920, Trollope was associated in the popular mind with elderly clergymen of the Episcopal Church who were supposed to fall asleep over his Barchester novels in their studies late each afternoon when they might have been preparing lectures for Confirmation classes—after all, he wrote more abundantly about the English clergy than any other novelist, and even though his attitude towards the Church was High rather than Evangelical, he usually managed to convey the atmosphere of the Book of Common Prayer into his work with the utmost success. Then suddenly, almost over night, as a contemporary novelist was being proclaimed, somewhat impetuously, as "another Trollope," for the simple reason that he wrote about fox-hunting and the bad manners of rural squires, it was discovered that Justices of the Supreme Court and college presidents had known his Parliamentary novels intimately for years; that grandmothers had grown up on "Orley Farm," "The Claverings," and "Is He Popenjoy?"; and that a large group of living men and women had been shocked by his "Autobiography." With the passion for endpapers still in its infancy, there was only a mild flurry among collectors: John Masefield and Rupert Brooke were fashionable at that time, and no one yet had had the native brightness to discover the eighteenth century. But with the publication of Mr. Sadleir's list in the "Excursions," prices began to advance—at last there was something authoritative that could be quoted, a preliminary word on the proper color of the bindings, and a certain amount of information about titles and numbers of pages. Anthony Trollope had commenced his career as a collector's item.

"Bibliography," Mr. Sadleir points out in the preface to the present volume, "can be extended beyond a mere descriptive analysis of any one writer or period; it can be made to illustrate, not only the evolution of book-building, but also the history of book-handling and the effect of a gradually perfected book-craft on the aims and achievements of authorship. . . . Just as Trollope the man serves to illustrate the psychology of his period, so Trollope the maker of books may serve to illustrate the methods of book-writing" (as in "Doctor Thorne" and "Lotta Schmidt"), "book-producing" ("Phineas Finn" and "Ralph the Heir"), "and book-distributing" ("The Vicar of Bullhampton," "Castle Richmond," and "Sir Harry Hotspur") "which were in vogue between—roughly—1850 and 1880. What was true of his works will, in a bibliographical sense and subject to varieties of circumstance, be true also of the works of his contemporaries." With this as his expressed purpose, Mr. Sadleir begins his labor of reducing the seventy-one separate novels, histories, plays, and volumes of sketches to the form and shape of a definitive bibliography. That, given every opportunity to fail honorably, he succeeds to an extraordinary degree, must be granted him immediately—his enthusiasm, his industry, his ability to assemble facts and present them connectedly in the spirit of literature, have all combined to make his book into something more than the customary collection of transcriptions of title pages and library-card notes, with dates and publishers added as an extra touch.

Take, for example, his description of the issues in parts of "He Knew He Was Right": in addition to the original thirty-two sixpenny numbers that appeared weekly from October 17, 1868, to May 22, 1869, there began early in November, 1868 (not 1869 as the book states), a parallel series of two shilling monthly parts, each containing the matter of four of the weekly numbers. This seems a simple affair until the question of advertisements arises—then unexpectedly the reader is faced with the problem of why, with number 21, the suiting of advertisement to number issues goes completely to pieces until number 27 is reached. "At this late hour correctness revives. . . With number 30, Strahan took over publication, and although the front wrappers (being printed from a block) continued the name of Virtue" (the original publisher of the parts), "all inset publishers' advertising was dropped and the publishers' advertisements on the back-wrappers show Strahan's imprint. It is impossible to judge by very high standards of intelligence any activity of Virtue's advertisement manager. Quite apart from this mixing of material between various numbers of one novel, the 'copy' itself shows much carelessness. Books are described as 'published this day' over a period of months; a book is 'ready' one week and 'shortly' some weeks later. It is obvious that the advertising was initially prepared with haste and lack of logic. When, in addition, we remember that Virtue himself was greatly worried from the beginning of 1869 onwards by the failure of his publishing ventures, we are prepared for slapdash furnishing of material and for the use of whatsoever came most easily to hand." The "attempted explanation" comes later: "During March and April [1869] Virtue was too flustered with commercial misfortune to prolong accurate advertising either in the parts of a novel or the numbers of a magazine; that, in consequence, he generalized in "St. Paul's" to save trouble, and left his binders to fill up "He Knew He Was Right" as was most convenient. But when the magazine was off his hands . . . he had peace of mind once again to suit advertisement pages to each weekly part." Few more honest attempts have been made to point out the relation between certain difficulties of bibliography and the known facts of publishing history. And it is Mr. Sadleir's special achievement to have brought out again this particular relation, and to have emphasized that the publisher, as well as the author, must be taken into consideration. His entire book, by its clarity, its extraordinary breadth of treatment, its own excellence, recommends itself with far greater justice and truth than can be discovered in any possible review of it.

G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

American Art Association. April 29-30, May 1. Part 2 of the Americana Collection from the Library of George W. Paullin, of Evanston, Illinois. One of the most important and valuable collections of its kind that has been offered for sale in some time. The library includes: 107 items dealing with Indians; Charles Inglis's "True Interest of America Impartially Stated," Philadelphia, 1776, one of two known copies; Barthelmy Vimont's "Relation de Ce Qui S'est Passé en la Nouvelle France, és Années 1644 et 1645," Paris, 1646; several rare Kentucky items, including the Lexington imprint of "A Letter from George Nicholas, of Kentucky, to his Friend, in Virginia," 1798, and George W. Ogden's "Letters from the

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West," New Bedford, 1823; 178 Lincoln items, including a broadside "Life of Abraham Lincoln," printed soon after his acceptance of the nomination for President, the Ricardo pamphlet printed at Macomb, Illinois, in 1860—"The Presidential Campaign on the Battlefield of Illinois" and the John Locke Scripps "Life," Chicago, 1860; the very scarce "Address to the Electors of the County of Hancock, with the Resolutions adopted at the convention, held at Buckstown, September 15th, 1812," Castine, Maine, 1812; Cotton Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana," London, 1702, the original issue of the first collected edition; John Corrill's "Brief History of the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints," St. Louis, 1839; the Liverpool, 1841, edition of "The Book of Mormon"; and a presentation copy of the London, 1852, edition from Brigham Young; N. Slater's "Fruits of Mormonism," 1851, original wrappers, the first book printed in Coloma, California; J. J. Strang's "Ancient and Modern Michilimackinac," 1854, the almost unknown original edition; "The New England Primer," Boston, 1777; 45 items dealing with Ohio; John B. Wyeth "Oregon," Cambridge, 1833, together with 70 other Oregon items; an uncut copy of "An Act for Granting and Applying Certain Stamp Duties," New York, 1765, reprinted by H. Gaine; J. E. Field's "Three Years in Texas," Boston, 1836, called by the sale catalogue "the rarest Texas title in English"; J. H. Triggs's "A Reliable and Correct Guide to the Black Hills," Omaha, 1876; Charles W. Upham's suppressed "Life of Washington," Boston, 1840; and Eleazor Wheelock's "Plain and Faithful Narrative of the Original Design . . . of the Indian Charity-School at Lebanon, in Connecticut," Boston, 1763. G. M. T.

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GOOD BOOKS

THE PHOENIX NEST

WE might begin by saying:

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
It now is impossible to sleep
For all who do controversy keep
Concerning "The Cradle of the Deep"

which reminds us that

Young Joan Lowell, young Joan Lowell,
"She don't know nothin'" or "She did say somethin'"
They jus' keep roarin'—they jus' keep roarin'
Along!

Which we intend to be our final comment upon the situation. . . .

Concerning "Love in Chicago" by *Charles Walt*, Harcourt has got out a clever "Extra" of what purports to be the *Chicago Graphic*, all full of screaming headlines, the streamer over all reading "Crazed Gunman Killed". . . .

Late in May *Scribners* will publish "Roon" by the *Hon. Herbert Asquith*, eldest surviving son of the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith. This will be Mr. Asquith's third novel; he has also written three books of verse. All the family seem to write. . . .

Louis Untermeyer writes, in part:

We have taken unto ourselves one hundred and sixty two Adirondack acres consisting (in part, as the deed has it) of rock- and sugar-maples, dapper hemlocks, spruce pines, a hot and cold running trout stream, two houses, three barns (and appurtenances thereto), a cedar swamp, a sheep pasture with practicable sheep, water, seven assorted views, and all the usual offices except a receiving station. We are (not so incidentally) on the main road to Montreal. . . You ought to come up in these altitudes where men are men—at four dollars fifty per hired day—where you can not only raise but quench a thirst, and where there are more mountains than you could shake a stick at—even if you were the world's champion stick-shaker. I've just pruned and grafted twenty-six Strawberry Apples and sixteen Mackintosh Reds. Come up for the hard cider season.

Thanks, Louis; wish we could. . . .

Dr. George A. Dorsey, who knows why we behave like human beings, sailed on the tenth of April for Japan, thence to Batavia, Java, to attend the Fourth Pacific Science Congress as delegate of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the American Anthropological Association—whew! With him went the rough notes for a book he expects will be ready next year. "And I don't mind saying in advance," quotha, "that it will be some book!" . . . .

"Why must the Bible always be bound in black?" The Oxford University Press has taken up this question to such good effect that shop windows here and there display Oxford Bibles bound in red, blue, purple, rose, white, and other cheerful shades. They contend that essentially the Bible contains the gospel of good news, the happiest message ever given to mankind, and should not be dressed in sad-colored garments. . . .

The first big American fortune began in flutes. How? *John Jacob Astor*—the original one—came to New York direct from London where he had been working with his brother, a maker of musical instruments. He brought with him seven flutes and twenty-five dollars in cash. Later he took up the fur trade as more lucrative than the flute business. So says *Arthur D. Howden Smith*, author of "John Jacob Astor." Also the recent publication of this life has unearthed one of those original flutes, left to Mr. *L. G. Rose* of Brooklyn in his mother's will. It was originally the property of *William Pioneer* (what a swell name for the time!) a furrier of Arbor Hill, Albany. . . .

The John Day Company has brought out *John Van Druten's* "Young Woodley" over here, since it has been a best-seller in England. This novel is based on the play that was produced in New York several seasons ago. . . .

On May ninth the same firm will launch the intimate journal of *George Sand*, now available for the first time in more than half a century after the writer's death. The journal has long been guarded from the public by the Sand family and is believed to be the only hitherto unpublished work in existence concerning George Sand. . . .

The third *George Gissing* reissue this Spring by E. P. Dutton is "The Nether World." Two prior reissues have been "Demos" and "Life's Morning." *Morley Roberts*, in his introduction to the latest, says that it has perhaps more power than Zola ever showed. . . .

The editor of the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation recently went aboard for European titles. But the best book he found was a biographical novel concerning Shakespeare, called "To the Sun" and written by an American living in Paris, one *A. E. Fisher*. . . .

May first is the date of publication of *Walter Lippman's* latest book, "A Preface to Morals," issued by the Macmillan Company. . . .

Both "The Crime Club" and "The Detective Story Club," competitors, selected *Rufus King's* "Murder by the Clock" as their May choice. And King once wanted to be a portrait painter! . . . .

In July Minton, Balch & Company will publish under the title of "Night Club" a collection of *Katharine Brush's* short stories. The title story has been one of the most talked-about of recent years. . . .

Which reminds us of *Ernest Hemingway*, inasmuch as *his* short story "The Killers," attained a similar distinction. His new novel "A Farewell to Arms," begins in the May *Scribner's*. It will run through six numbers of the magazine. It is said to embody a notable development in Hemingway's style. The author is now abroad again, having returned to France on April 5th after reading proof on the fourth instalment of the novel. . . .

We thank the St. George Playhouse, 100 Pineapple Street, Brooklyn, for sending us a pass to their moving picture theatre. Recently they put on "Krassin," the story of the rescue of Nobile and the *Italia* crew. . . .

"Don Juan's Notebook," by *Harry Kemp*, has lately been privately printed under the personal direction of *S. A. Jacobs*, the book designer, who was responsible for the printing of *Thornton Wilder's* "The Angel that Troubled the Waters," *O'Neill's* "Strange Interlude," and *Cummings's* "Him." The advance subscription price of ten hundred and fifty numbered copies is five dollars, of fifty copies printed on Strathmore Charcoal paper, ten dollars. Copies are obtainable from C. Gerhardt, bookseller, 17 West 44th Street. . . .

Nelson Doubleday informs us that "the most effective publishing organization in all Canada" had a formal opening in Toronto on April 24th. This house displays the name of Doubleday, Doran & Gundy, Limited, in connection with the Oxford University Press. . . .

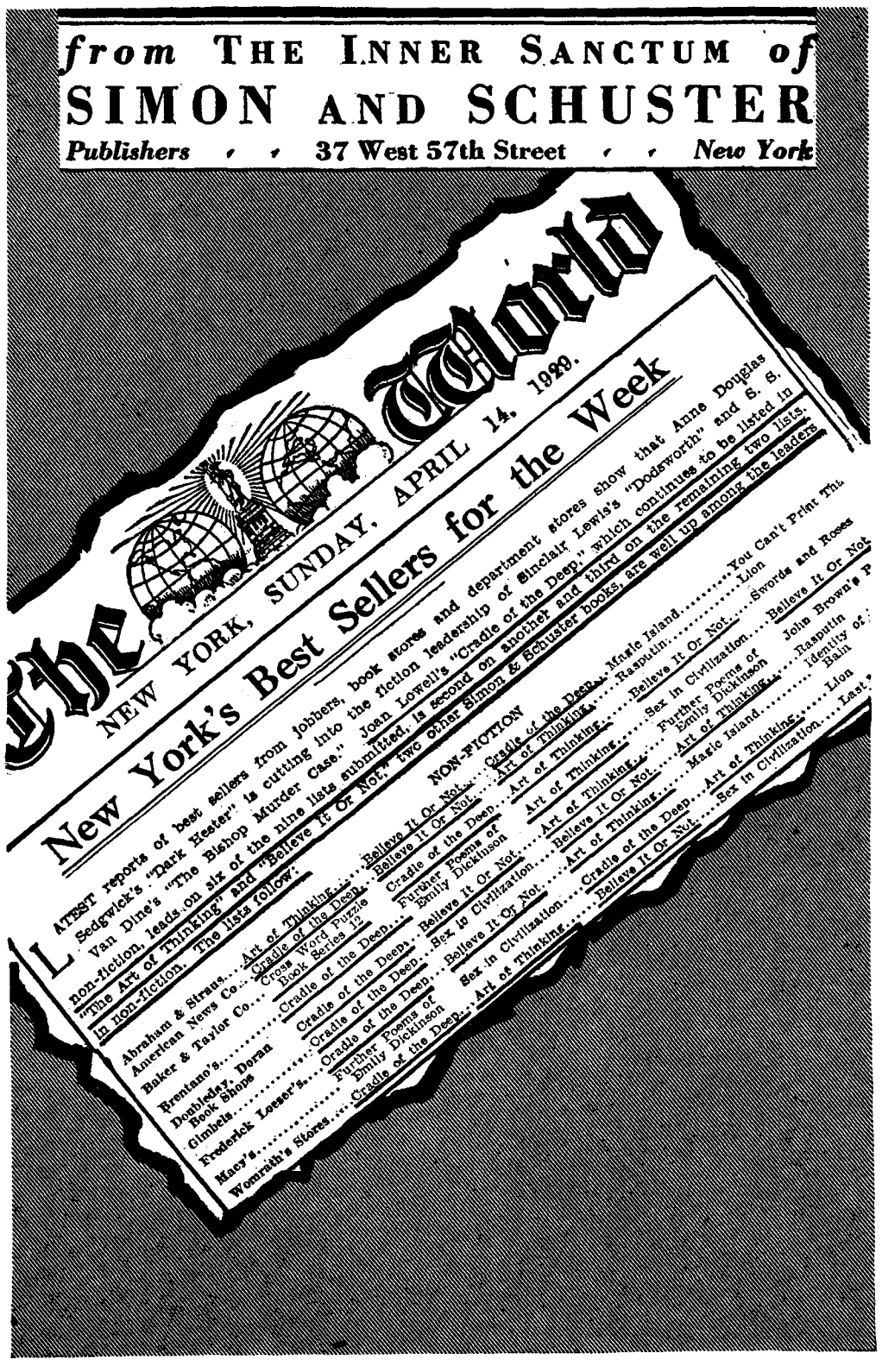
Morley Callaghan is now in Europe to be gone a year. He expects to finish over there a new novel he is working on. . . .

We recommend the thirty-five stories by *Ring Lardner* collected in "Round Up." The first printing of this book, we hear, was ninety thousand. . . .

We are glad to see a new novel by *Malcolm Ross* announced by Coward-McCann. Successor to "Deep Enough," this latest work of fiction by Mr. Ross is called "Penny Dreadful" and deals with the struggle between established forces and the tabloids. The author has been a newspaperman and knows whereof he writes. . . .

Which just about lets us off till next Friday afternoon. Zowie!

THE PHOENICIAN.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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1929.
New York's Best Sellers for the Week
LATEST reports of best sellers from jobbers, book stores and department stores show that Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Dark Hester" is cutting into the fiction leadership of Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth" and S. S. Van Dine's "The Bishop Murder Case." Joan Lowell's "Cradle of the Deep," which continues to be listed in non-fiction, leads on six of the nine lists submitted, is second on another and third on the remaining two lists. In non-fiction, "The Art of Thinking" and "Believe It Or Not," two other Simon & Schuster books, are well up among the leaders. The lists follow:
NON-FICTION
Abraham & Straus... Art of Thinking... Believe It Or Not... Cradle of the Deep... Marie Island... You Can't Print This
American News Co... Cradle of the Deep... Believe It Or Not... Art of Thinking... Rasputin... Lion
Baker & Taylor Co... Cross Word Puzzle Book Series 12... Cradle of the Deep... Cradle of the Deep... Art of Thinking... Believe It Or Not... Swords and Roses
Brentano's... Cradle of the Deep... Further Poems of Emily Dickinson... Art of Thinking... Sex in Civilization... Believe It Or Not
Doubleday, Doran Book Shops... Cradle of the Deep... Believe It Or Not... Art of Thinking... Further Poems of Emily Dickinson... Marie Island... John Brown's P
Gimbels... Cradle of the Deep... Sex in Civilization... Art of Thinking... Art of Thinking... Rasputin
Frederick Loeser's... Cradle of the Deep... Believe It Or Not... Cradle of the Deep... Marie Island... Identity of
Macy's... Further Poems of Emily Dickinson... Art of Thinking... Art of Thinking... Sex in Civilization... Bain
Wanamaker's Stores... Cradle of the Deep... Art of Thinking... Believe It Or Not... Sex in Civilization... Last

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Points of View

"Ethan Brand"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In reading the stimulating biography of Herman Melville by Lewis Mumford, I was especially interested in the author's treatment of the relationship existing between Melville and Hawthorne. Mr. Mumford has presented the essential aspects of this relationship with unusual vividness. In one important particular, however, he is apparently in error, namely, in his assumption that Hawthorne had Melville in mind when he wrote "Ethan Brand." Mr. Mumford observes: ". . . it must have been with amazement, with incredulity, that he [Melville] finally read the story of 'Ethan Brand,' written during the prime year of their friendship, and discovered what in his heart of hearts Hawthorne felt about Melville's lofty pride and his extreme spiritual quests. . . . Brand's language is a parody of Ahab's in Moby Dick; and what Hawthorne says about Brand he meant to apply, I have no doubt, possibly by way of warning, to Melville himself. . . . Hawthorne had committed the unpardonable sin of friendship; . . . All of Melville's love recoiled . . . from the icy strangeness of that friendship which was no friendship, from that understanding which was almost enmity." This assumption becomes untenable when it is pointed out that the composition of "Ethan Brand" antedated Hawthorne's first personal acquaintance with Melville by almost a year. In the bibliographies of Hawthorne, "Ethan Brand" is listed as having been first published in *The Dollar Magazine* for May 1851—a date with which Mr. Mumford's interpretation is in accord; but the bibliographers have hitherto overlooked an earlier appearance of the story in *The Boston Museum* for January 5, 1850. Hawthorne must have written "Ethan Brand" toward the end of 1849 while he still resided at Salem, in the same dark period, incidentally, in which he wrote "The Scarlet Letter"; and since Hawthorne and Melville did not meet until August, 1850, the story can have no bearing on their personal relations.

It is also unlikely that Hawthorne in writing "Ethan Brand" was influenced by the reading of Melville's novels or that he had Melville in mind at all. Obviously the language of "Brand," written in 1849, owes nothing to the speeches of Ahab in "Moby Dick," which was begun in the summer of 1850. To interpret "Ethan Brand" rightly, one has to regard it, like so much of Hawthorne's fiction, as the result of a gradual and prolonged growth in the mind of the author. The adumbration of the story occurs in an entry in the "American Note-Books" in 1844, two years before the publication of "Typee," Melville's first novel; and it should be observed that the words used are almost identical with those which Hawthorne later applied to Brand, the parallel being so close that Hawthorne must have referred to this passage while writing "Ethan Brand": "The Unpardonable Sin might consist in a want of love and reverence for the Human Soul; in consequence of which, the investigator pried into its dark depths, not with a hope or purpose of making it better, but from a cold philosophical curiosity,—content that it should be wicked in whatever kind or degree, and only desiring to study it out. Would not this, in other words, be the separation of the intellect from the heart?"

In view of the facts, therefore, that "Ethan Brand" was published several months before Hawthorne and Melville became personally acquainted, and that the story existed in embryo in the journal some two years before the publication of Melville's first novel, it seems clear that Hawthorne's story was conceived, developed, and brought to its final form without reference to either Melville or his writings.

RANDALL STEWART.

Yale University.

Quotations

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Mrs. Becker's notes on two quotations suggest further notes.

In the first place, in discussing the wanderings of Swinburne's stanza that contains the lines

We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be

she might have pointed out how the lines I have copied have become the germ of a more famous poem. Swinburne's lines ran in Henley's head, suggested a train of thought that suited Henley's point of view, and Henley's poem grew from it. This is an easier theory than to suppose the coincidence accidental or to account for it otherwise. Whether Henley realized that he was borrowing his phrase is not a question to be sure about.

In the second place, what is or can be the standard of a quotation from a foreign language given in translation? Homer's words are, literally, "the knees of the gods"; and this is the customary quotation, not from any printed translation but from the quoters' memory of the Greek. But if a translator thinks that English idiom speaks of a thing as lying in or on one's "lap," what then? In translating the Iliad such a man will say "lap"; for the purposes of familiar quotation it seems absurd to try to be more idiomatically English than the form in which everybody quotes. The English Bible calls a lap "knees" (2 K. 4.20; Judg. 16. 19; and elsewhere); where the Bible has "lap" it means higher up on the body.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Literature and Science

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Professor Albert G. Keller's paper, "The Ant and the Butterfly," makes interesting and instructive reading. No doubt most of us need to be reminded, from time to time, that all knowledge is one; that physical science, for instance, is as truly an indispensable element of liberal education as are Latin and Greek.

And yet, Dr. Keller seems to this writer to have underrated tremendously the respect in which *littérateurs* hold science. Teachers of the humanities who think the study of science unimportant are surely few! Isn't he jousting at windmills here? An immense majority of the professors of literary and historical studies would certainly agree that a so-called education which leaves the student ignorant of important and authentic scientific facts and principles is not an education at all. It seems incredible that a scholar of the twentieth century should even entertain a contrary opinion, —unless he is "falsely called Selim the Learned."

Again, Dr. Keller would have us drop the term, "humanities," as a means of denoting the entire group of linguistic, literary, and historical studies. Why, pray? Science is one thing, the humanities quite another. To be sure, they are related to each other, and probably the relationship is seldom given the recognition that it deserves. Nevertheless, what good can it possibly do to call all studies "sciences" *or* "humanities" and allow the term not so honored to fall into disuse? Nothing but hopeless confusion would result. The two things— *i. e.*, the two groups of studies—would remain distinct, no matter what they might be called. To ignore important differences and lump together under one term things which are essentially dissimilar as they appear to consciousness,—that can hardly be regarded as a step towards appreciating the nature of reality. Even Plato knew that terms must have fairly definite meanings if discussion of the things they represent is to lead anywhere.

Unfortunately, what scholars may think of science or pseudo-science is of slight consequence nowadays, at least so far as the actual administration of our institutions of learning is concerned. Such scholars as we have are not consulted about that. Least of all are humanistic scholars consulted. When the question of what constitutes a proper programme of studies for a bachelor's degree furnishes forth the theme of faculty debate, the ideas that prevail are almost invariably those advanced by scientists with or without "scope"—chiefly by scientists "without." It is a little difficult, therefore, to understand why Professor Keller should exert himself to convert the professors of the humanities to a belief in science. In the first place, the objects of his missionary zeal are believers already. In the second place, they have no longer so much as the well known "Chinaman's chance" of influencing the direction of present-day education.

By all means let us have more charity for one another, and more "scope,"—a truly universal philosophy of education which will eschew departmental particularisms, false antitheses, and misleading epithets. In a word, let us view education fairly and realistically, with genuine tolerance and honesty.

To put it more bluntly, let us avoid such parabolic representations of both scientists and humanists as one implies by using "Ant" or "Butterfly" to denote either. For, to paraphrase Sir Roger de Coverley, a good many "Ants" and "Butterflies" can be found on both sides.

P. J. BENRIMO.

Marion Institute, Ala.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page 963*)

ing on what will prove to be a much shorter time of reading than he may think, and William Macdonald's "Three Centuries of American Democracy" (Holt), I think I would get this one anyway; it is a masterpiece of brevity and fairness.

The one-volume English history I keep at hand for constant reference is Mowat's "New History of Great Britain" (Oxford University Press). This is a short, fat book full of admirable pictures; it is meant for study and bright enough for continuous reading. There is always Green's "Short History of the English People" (American Book Company), and if a very short one is called for, the Home University Library (Holt) has one, A. F. Pollard's "History of England."

A little book has just come my way that would be useful to certain students and readers, "A Note-Book of European History, 1400-1920," by S. H. McGrady (Crowell), author of "A Digest of British History," which, I suppose must be on the same lines though I have not seen it. This book is little more than a frame work of topics, names, and dates, but it holds the immense subject together and gives a student means for fitting events in literature, art, or science into their proper chronological frame. Also it will help in reviewing a history course.

H. S. K., New York, asks about books on old age pensions, and the subject of old age as a social problem.

"THE Challenge of the Aged," by Abraham Epstein, has lately come from the Vanguard Press: twenty-five American states are now considering some form of old age pensioning, and this book is by a leading authority on the subject. Another side of the subject is shown by Johanna Lobsenz in "The Older Woman in Industry" (Scribner); it may make some of us jump to find that old age in industry, so far as women are concerned, would seem to set in somewhere around thirty-five. This book is the result of much research in placement and personnel work. It may be salutary for anyone approaching this advanced age to look the subject straight in the eye, and thus to discover, through Walter M. Gallichan's "Youthful Old Age" (Macmillan), how to dodge it altogether by keeping young. This is a more sensible book than one might fancy from the title; the advice on health, mental habits, hobbies, and so on is sound and practical.

H. C. Y., Fargo, N. D., owns a volume entitled "The Pursuits of Literature," seventh edition printed for T. Becket, Pall Mall, London, 1798; he can find nothing from which he can determine the author, and would be glad if anyone can tell him who it was. *T. L., Oak Park, Ill.*, some time since asked if I knew a book recommended in lectures at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1923 by the men who conducted tourists through its exhibits. It was, she thinks, "Fictitious Creatures in Nature and Art," by Vineycomb. I have been looking carefully but without result, for trace of it, because I rather like the subject of heraldic and architectural monsters, and there is little about them in the book line. The best book that describes them is "Coasts of Illusion" (Harper), a delightful geography of mythical places and their inhabitants, as they lived in the beliefs of old Travelers.

If anyone keeps a record of the lists published in this column, I would be glad if he would tell me when one appeared with pageants and plays for outdoor production in camps. *E. D. M., Charlevoix, Mich.*, needs it and so do several others, and my file is at the moment in process of packing for ocean transport. She thinks this list appeared about two years ago.

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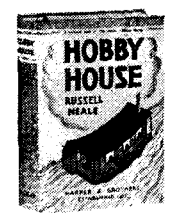

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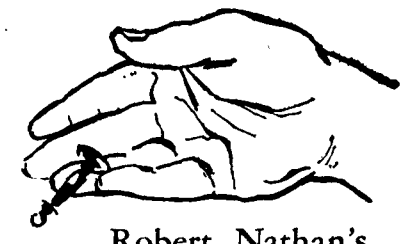

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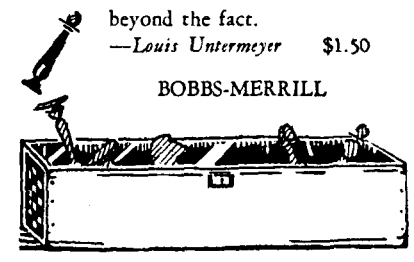

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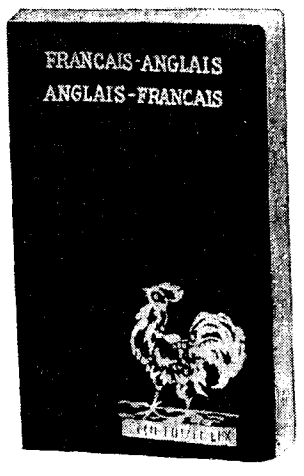

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